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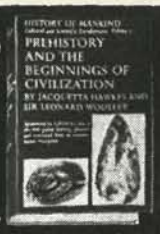

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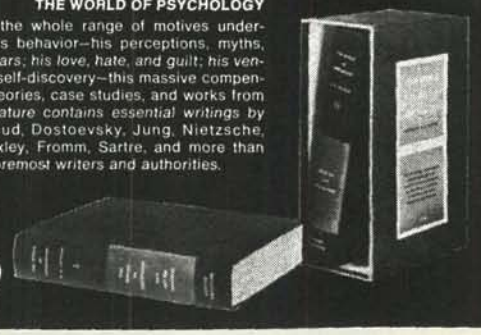

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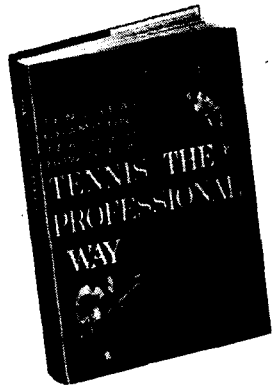

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Blacklisting Colleges

★ The head of the Department of Government reads an abrupt letter from a young Yale PhD whom he had hoped to land for an autumn vacancy. "Sorry," says the letter, "but under the circumstances I couldn't think of coming to Old Siwash." The Head sighs. "That blacklist!" he mutters.

The American Association of University Professors has been quietly blacklisting colleges for years. It has 20 censured institutions at present. Some are hardened offenders like the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, 1956, and Texas Tech, 1958. Presumably they don't care. Then there is the huge University of Illinois which made the list in 1963 in a celebrated case involving ferns, mosses and premarital relationships. Most are small colleges, often from the South, whose nonplused businessmen-trustees have discovered a thing called academic freedom.

The center of the blacklist operation is in the partitioned-off butler's pantry of the old Andrew W. Mellon suite, in a mansion off Dupont Circle in Washington, D. C. The mansion is now owned by the American Council of Education. To be accurate, Andy was on the top floor, the fifth, while his friend Joseph Duveen, the famous art collector, was on the fourth floor, where the AAUP is now located. But the two floors were pretty much interchangeable. There was one family to a floor, plus room for 61 servants. Duveen brought $21 million of art treasures into his suite and gradually got Neighbor Mellon to feel at home among them. Result: Washington's superb Mellon Gallery. Also a butler's pantry for blacklisting.

When an academic institution is censured the heavens don't fall. Most of the faculty keep on working for it probably, but it loses prestige. The undergraduates still rate their college by its football team but the egghead world has incomprehensible other values. Thirty learned groups now subscribe to the Association's principles of academic freedom and tenure. Most colleges stumble into the blacklist and try to extricate themselves as quickly as possible. A polite AAUP committee arrives and suggests how this may be done. It is the chief policeman for academic freedom in America today.

Texas Tech, 8,500 students, located at Lubbock, Texas, got on the list for acts done in 1957. The Tech board of directors, without a hearing and without formal charges, went into a huddle and fired three professors of high standing. They didn't even let the college president in. The AAUP investigative team punctually arrived. It found that the three professors did not even know each other. Their only similarity was that in various ways "they differed in social, economic or political views" from the board of trustees. Some of the latter were so ignorant that they "actually did not know prior to July 13" of the existence of the Southern Association of Colleges by which Tech is accredited, the report said.

Tech survived. It has new buildings, loyal alumni, and is thinking of adopting a new grandiose name. On the matter of academic freedom it is unrepentant and blacklisted.

Sex for the Mature

★ In the University of Illinois case an assistant professor of biology, an authority on ferns and mosses, wrote an indiscreet letter to the undergraduate paper in comment on a current article. He argued that premarital sexual intercourse might be "condoned among those sufficiently mature to engage in it." When this came to the ears of the Rev. Ira H. Latimer, a member of the University of Illinois Dads' Association, and others, there was hell to pay. The professor was dismissed, a row broke out among the faculty over the punishment and AAUP censure followed. The big university is still on the blacklist but negotiations are going on between President Henry and the AAUP.

These are two of the more spectacular cases. The AAUP's Standing Committee on Academic Freedom and Tenure keeps a watchful eye on the nation. What has astonished many a tycoon-trustee is how these amusingly unworldly professors suddenly lash out when touched on certain sensitive nerves. Trustees would be no more flabbergasted if trampled by a charge of sheep.

At the spring meeting of the AAUP in Washington three new colleges were blacklisted – the University of Arizona, Lincoln Junior College (Ill.) and Wayne State College, Nebraska.

On the list already, it is sad to see, are four Negro colleges, including Fisk University. Mostly the current 23 are small state institutions, where the president is more afraid of the legislature than concerned with national reputation. One oddity is Mercy College of Detroit. A male teacher was dismissed. The AAUP drily reports that "a letter to President Sister Mary Lucille, requesting information . . . and offering the Association's assistance, has remained unanswered."

The Association is terribly polite. It is a blacklist as genteel as a convocation. The officials who sit in the ex-butler's pantry of the AAUP's Standing Committee in Washington sometimes wonder if they haven't been too polite. Signs of former grandeur are all about them in the mansion, from marble fireplaces and brass door knobs to heavy pale green doors that are mahogany underneath. Evidence of transience is everywhere, and none more so than in the academic world. The Great College Push is under way.

You can put the thing statistically, and Andrew Hacker of Cornell has. America is currently trying to give higher education to a million extra students every three years. That requires 100,000 more college teachers. But the country is currently producing fewer than 15,000 PhD's annually. And industry and government want them.

Well, this is a long way from LBJ and Vietnam and astronauts. But this is how the 70,000-member AAUP works. It helps to police freedom in an odd corner of Washington. We thought you'd like to know.

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Legislative Oversight

The Consensus Congress is halfway through its year's work, and its performance is worth critical review. On January 3, hopes were higher than they had been in 30 years for a quantitative and qualitative leap forward. The 89th Congress was the most promising since the early New Deal. It was young, spirited, and committed to progressive reform. Its record of completed action, as of this writing, is as follows: one uneven elementary and secondary education act, one expensive road-building program for Appalachia, one set of amendments to the Manpower Act, one adjustment of gold reserves policy, and a $700 million appropriation to run, for a few more months, the war in Vietnam.

The rest of the President's program, together with some important (and some dangerous) bills sprung from the minds of more independent legislators, are grinding through the legislative mill at an indifferent pace. Many items of high priority – the voting rights bill, for instance, on which the President urged Congress to work "long hours, nights, and weekends" – are stalled in some eddy of the House Rules Committee, which meanders along sluggishly despite a new liberal majority and the "21-day rule," which allows other committee chairmen to drag favorite bills out of Rules onto the floor.

No one at the moment knows exactly what happened to the voting rights bill. After a racing start in the House Judiciary Subcommittee, and passage after cloture in the Senate, it is caught in the Administration's ambivalence: Should Senator Dirksen be appeased and the tougher House bill be replaced by the Senate version? Or should the civil rights leadership be placated by passing the stronger measure? No one has the foggiest idea of what mutant a Senate-House conference on the bill would produce.

Doubtless the logjam will loosen, probably when the heat of summer convinces legislators that they would rather be anywhere but Washington. The cut in excise taxes, after a whirlwind trip through a Detroit-happy Congress, will soon take effect. There *will* be a modest foreign aid bill again, and some form of Medicare . Congress might get around to voting on repeal of section 14(b) (right-to-work) of the Taft-Hartley Act, and there may be a first-step housing law and a watered-down water pollution control act. But even apart from the tardiness and dilution of particular bills, this Congress has not lived up to its advance billing. For legislating is only one part of its role; the other is to quicken and inform national debate from

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which new national policies emerge.

If the work of this Congress with its huge Democratic majority has been less than spectacular, part of the reason may lie in what Mr. Johnson chooses to make of his majority. He evidently decided to use it to consolidate his national popularity. A consensus already existed for the few welfare measures – education and Medicare – which would easily pass. But where there was no firm foundation for consensus, the President abandoned the site. He shies away from expressing his opinions on the Dirksen reapportionment amendment because there is considerable controversy about it, and because Senator Dirksen too must be part of the consensus. Mr. Johnson shot off his labor message not with a bang, but the faintest whimper about 14(b). In sum, he must have a 20-to-1 majority lined up before the play is put in motion. Great politics is playing the odds; Mr. Johnson plays the sure thing.

The general preoccupation with foreign affairs this spring has also made its contribution to a kind of legislative oversight. Mr. Johnson has suddenly become a war President. At such junctures interest focuses on the White House. Congressional initiative atrophies.

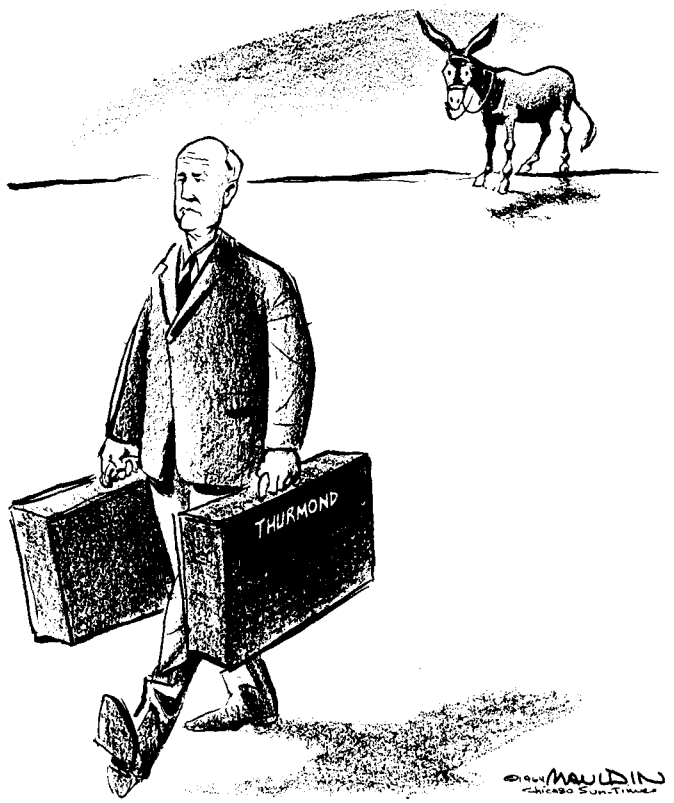
One lesson of the session so far is that there is more wrong with Congress than slender majorities or an undemanding President. Congress for the last eight years was not a dozing giant waiting to be awakened. It has a functional sleeping sickness, not cured by a simple remedy – a large one-party majority, or an aggressive Chief Executive who "knows Congress." There are deep flaws both in the structure of Congress itself and the way men get elected to it. The recent diagnostic studies into Congressional organization by Senator Clark and Representative Bolling are good starts towards understanding the first problem; now a joint committee is researching reorganization ideas. The second problem, which is one of quality, has yet to be fully explored: it is related to minimal participation of citizens in the democratic process. Congressmen are elected term after term by voters who cannot recall their names, much less their records. In many cases, the electorate's ignorance matches the indifference of the elected, and the whole is mirrored by the treatment of the press, which gives Congressional activity only spotty and desultory criticism.

The weakness now shows up in the lack of official Congressional concern about foreign policy. Congress cannot make the policy, but it has a duty to raise questions and force intelligent debate. One Democratic Senator, by no means a "dove," guessed that if given the opportunity of a "free vote," the Senate would criticize, if not condemn, further expansion of the war in Asia and the impulsive intervention in the Dominican Republic. That such opinion is not being expressed forthrightly suggests that consensus and good government are not always identical.

Southern Republicans

The Republican hallelujah trail is not yet crowded with repentant Democratic sinners, but in South Carolina last week ex-Democrat Albert Watson was returned to Congress as a Republican by a margin exceeding 2-1, largely because he identified himself and his self-proclaimed martyrdom with ex-Democrat Strom Thurmond. Southern Republican leaders hope that the examples set by Senator Thurmond last fall when he switched parties and by Watson's victory will help other conservative Democrats in Dixie to see the light and be saved. For despite the strength demonstrated by Eisenhower, Nixon and Goldwater in the South, the Republican Party has failed up to now to turn its state organizations into year-round operations that can produce substantial victories when there is no Presidential election. The handful of Republican Congressmen come for the most part from districts that had been dormant GOP enclaves.

South Carolina has become a testing ground for the staying power of Goldwater Republicanism in the South partly through accident and partly because of the exigencies of practical politics. As Governor in the late 1940's, as the Dixiecrat nominee for President in 1948 and as a Senator since 1954, the fiercely inde-



Some weep because they part,
And languish broken-hearted,
and others – O my heart! –
Because they never parted.
(Thomas Bailey Aldrich)

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pendent Thurmond has always been at odds with whatever consensus there was in the national Democratic Party. He could not even agree with his Southern colleagues in the Senate and once infuriated them by filibustering against a civil rights bill after they had agreed not to do so.

It was no surprise, therefore, that Thurmond embraced Goldwater when the nominee visited South Carolina last September. Much of Goldwater's margin of more than 100,000 votes in the state last November was attributable to Thurmond's great influence. South Carolinians love a flamboyant fighter and a determined defender of lost causes, which Thurmond is.

The 42-year-old Watson, a suave, dark-haired man with a smooth, modulated voice that must be the envy of Southern evangelists, got caught up in conversion politics largely by chance. He publicly supported Goldwater last fall, while running unopposed as a Democrat for a second term in Congress from the second South Carolina Congressional District. In Mississippi, Congressman John Bell Williams was also seeking reelection – but for a 10th term – and was also supporting Goldwater. This was the second time Williams had gone off the Presidential reservation, and the Democratic leadership of the House was determined to punish him by stripping him of his seniority. This meant, however, that first-offender Watson had to be punished, too. Watson took it harder than Williams, resigned from Congress and from the Democratic Party, while Williams still is in the House and still calls himself a Democrat.

Watson had a relatively easy time of it in the campaign this spring. He had a weak opponent in Democratic state Rep. Preston Callison. Watson talked about the big, bad Northern liberals pushing around the poor voters of South Carolina by taking away his seniority. Like many other Southern politicians today, he sought votes by exploiting the race issue, using a kind of code that everyone understands but that gives the candidate the opportunity to say, "Who, me?" when charges of racism are made. Callison knew he had the Negro vote, which amounted to 20 percent of the total vote in South Carolina last year; so he tried to tiptoe around the race issue – and most others. The Second Congressional District of South Carolina has not voted for a Democratic Presidential nominee since 1944.

In South Carolina and throughout the rest of the South the Republican Party is the white man's party, and the new Republican leaders of the South seem determined to keep it that way despite warnings from such astute politicians as Thruston Morton of Kentucky. But with Negro voters now less than 20 percent of the total vote in the South, Republicans such as Watson and Thurmond feel they can ignore Negroes – for a few more years at least.

Report from Vietnam

Viet Cong Presence In a "Pacified" Area

By a Special Correspondent

Let me tell you about my visit to Hocmon to cover an election meeting the other day. Just 12 miles outside of Saigon, Hocmon is partly rural and partly urban; its 100,000 inhabitants live in 12 villages and 60 hamlets. Hocmon is fully "pacified." That means there are no Communist military units permanently stationed there. However, Hocmon borders on two heavily Communist-infested provinces, Hau Nghia and Binh Duong. The district chief told me that militarily, he must still contend with incursions by Communist guerrillas. Politically, he knows that at least 200 families have Communist members, and his police force, numbering 200, is inadequate both to watch them properly and to carry out normal police duties.

But by comparison with most other districts in Vietnam, Hocmon is certainly peaceful. "This is a paradise," a 16-year-old schoolboy told me. And a 27-year-old soldier in the Popular Forces platoon guarding the site of the election meeting said that he had participated in no battles during four years in service.

The election meeting was held near the *dinh*, or ancestral temple, of Thoi Tam Thon village, just outside Hocmon district town. The audience was very small – a sprinkling of schoolboys, farmers, workers, and village women, plus a few elders in black headband and long robe over white trousers. There were 40 candidates, each of whom was allotted five minutes. At the end, an hour or so was reserved for questions and answers.

Four hours of speeches in Vietnamese became boring, so I took my interpreter and visited several villagers' houses. Most confirmed the district chief's story that there were no active Viet Cong among them, though all knew that they were never far away. One talkative old man watering his field had vivid memories of the French days: "Some soldiers came into my hut and saw an empty wooden chest. They beat me to get me to say where I had hidden my treasures, but actually I had no treasure to hide." On the Americans he was neutral: "I've seen them on the road sometimes, but they've never come down my lane."

A couple of villagers were sitting on a bench outside a thatched house within earshot of the election meeting. One of them was a local official charged with helping to set up the meeting. (Later, on voting day, I saw him busily counting ballots in the high school.) He

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said that the Viet Cong had invaded the village two years ago, immediately after the November 1, 1963 revolution that toppled the Diem regime. They destroyed the hamlet chief's house and the site of the hamlet council. They had never come back since. But, he continued, village officials must be careful to serve the people. If they commit any fault, the Viet Cong sends them a warning letter. They will send three warnings, and then they will punish the official.

I asked my interpreter to repeat, to make sure that I had heard him correctly. The official stuck to his story. It was not the government, he said, that watched to see whether village officials were honest. It was the Viet Cong. And the village officials were more afraid of being punished by the Viet Cong than they were of being hauled before the government.

I asked him whether any village official had in fact been punished by the Viet Cong since the post-November 1963 attack, and he said, "No."

That remark, and a number of stories I heard during visits to other provinces, points to one of Saigon's basic weaknesses, even in a "pacified" area just outside the capital city. Saigon's whole administrative apparatus stops at the level of district headquarters. A district comprises several villages – Hocmon has twelve. At the district headquarters you have representatives of the various government services – education, health, agriculture, etc., plus the military, police and tax authorities. These representatives should continuously tour their areas, but they don't. In Hocmon, the Viet Cong, also, are not actually present in the villages. Yet the Viet Cong's "felt presence" is more pervasive than that of the government, and the local official respects and fears them.

I do not want to draw sweeping conclusions from this. The Viet Cong are now moving into what seems to be close to conventional warfare – large masses of troops, exceedingly well-armed, with heavy artillery. American air power and helicopter mobility make this kind of warfare extremely costly, however. Militarily, the Americans can keep the Communists from winning, if we throw in enough strength. But politically, we cannot start moving forward until there is a cadre willing to go into the countryside and stay there.

I am sure there are province chiefs and district chiefs, perhaps even village chiefs, who are effective in their areas. But this is strictly a matter of chance – there is very little reward for the district or village chief who conscientiously goes around his bailiwick. In comparison with what needs to be done in the countryside, the constitutional crisis in Saigon seems minor. Some day a truly revolutionary regime must be installed in Saigon – until then, we can stave off defeat, but we cannot win the war.

YOUTH PROTEST HAS ITS OWN FORM IN BRITAIN

The Train-Wreckers

London

Come the warm weather, the British criminal instinct turns to trains. Two years ago we had the Great Train-robbers; this year the Train-wreckers. Up and down the country, logs, lumps of concrete, iron gates, milk-crates, bedsteads even, are tossed onto the railway-line in front of advancing engines. Stones are hurled; air-rifles ring out; headlines are made, and the moralists move in. Unlike the train-robbers, this year's crop of hoodlums are mostly under 21. Unlike the train-robbers, they have already managed to cause loss of life: driver, and one passenger dead, fifteen other passengers injured, when a train on an Essex run, just outside London, went off the rails. The verdict: manslaughter by person or persons unknown, for despite a reward offer of 3,000 dollars no information came through.

A scattering of less effective vandals have, however, been picked up. They are duly fined, reprimanded, or detained, but the penalties the present law generally allows are ludicrously slight. To remedy that, the railway authorities, and interested MPs, are sponsoring bills to bring the standard fine for trespassing and throwing stones up from 25 dollars to 125. This may give parents pause, as may the knowledge that on the worse-hit lines additional railway police, and additional tracker dogs, are being brought in.

The lot of the British parent is not, these days, an easy one. The train-wrecking is but one aspect of the considerable wilfulness that British youth has acquired over the past five years, a wilfulness that somehow the parents are meant to control. Soon to be added to their troubles is a full survey of their teenage children's sexual habits, the result of three years' hard work by the Central Council for Health Education. It will show that by the twentieth birthday, a third of the

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boys, and nearly a quarter of the girls are sexually initiated. This may not be a much greater incidence than the parents themselves notched up in their own presurvey adolescence, but, backed with the full weight of statistics, and the full glare of publicity, it will seem to be. It will need, then, only the reminder that two-thirds of the babies born to girls under 20 are conceived out of wedlock, and that cases of gonorrhea have risen by 70 percent over the past decade, for the cry to go out to parents to run a tight rein.

Of course, it can't be done. In the more mobile, richer conditions of 1965, discipline is answered by defiance. Tempered neither by prewar poverty, nor the war itself, still less post-war austerity, British youth sees no reason not to throw over virtues it finds both drab and restricting. True, their alternative of a faster-living subculture, with a spectrum that ranges all the way from the train-wreckers, and the Mods and Rockers, through to the Beatles, and the fancy dress-designers, is flimsy, both in the way in which it switches suddenly in fad and fashion, and in the way it then equally quickly reimposes a new uniformity, but it is theirs. And their parents, and their uncles, and their elder brothers admit by their ill-concealed envy that, for all the warts, all the social casualties, it is a more exciting way of growing up than the one they knew. Now, with the crowning glory of Membership of the Order of the British Empire for the Beatles, Queen and Government have fallen into line.

For both parent and politician, it is, however, a phony capitulation. Parents will continue to hope they can regain some control, because it is for them too fearful not to. Politicians will continue to hope that there is for them some advantage in this noisy revolution, because they too need to. But oddly, it is the parents who may be luckier, for in time their children grow into the world of mortgages and baby-sitters where the music is often stilled. It is no certainty, though, that the vote will bring grown teenagers any closer to the aims and mood of the politicians. It is not simply the Conservatives, led by the ex-Earl, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, who find no answering echo. Harold Wilson's Labour offer now fares, and looks like faring in future, no better.

Somewhere along the line, before the last election, Labour lost much of the goodwill it had built up with the younger voter. Ten percent of the voters between 21 and 24 – voters, it should be stressed, as much caught up with the teenage mood as the teenagers themselves – drifted away from the prospect of a Wilson government in the run-up to the October poll. Wilson's program, with all its emphasis on an efficient no-nonsense running of the country, attracted slightly under half of the youngest voting-group. Over the past nine months, nothing that Labour has done suggests that in a fresh test, they would do any better.

For neither appeals to the Dunkirk spirit, nor policy-declarations about the importance of Britain's role East of Suez, cut much ice among the young. They are not interested in having their backs to the wall, or their eyes on distant shores. It is not that they are purely apolitical; it is rather that their political concern is immediate and curiously hard-headed. A decade ago Britons in their twenties, pulling out of loss of Empire and loss of power, would bemoan that there were no good causes left; now their successors seem content to show that they can do without them. They have a concern with the quality of life within England, with the way the cities are, with the legalistic complexity of social life, but for the major issues of global politics they show a greatly diminished interest. That interest, and the protest that usually goes with it, is now found, along with the power, in America.

And yet, did not thousands of Britain's youth line up in the January cold throughout the night for the lying in state of Sir Winson Churchill? They did, but not out of any mistaken idea of what Britain was, simply to mark the end of what she had been. And they were marking this post-dated end of Empire with far less resentment than many of their elders showed. Their Britain is a new country which they are rapidly fashioning in their own image. They have the same pioneering attitude to the strange, overgrown Society they find in their way as any American pioneer would have towards a geographical obstacle. The more violent among them riot on beaches, and derail trains. The vast majority with great enthusiasm and not a little cunning conspire to find ways round social obstacles. When attacked for their wayward mores, they reply that they at least are trying, that their generation has more achievements, no matter how zany, to its credit than any earlier, that it is they who are setting the style. In return they expect the minimum of interference from both parents and politicians.

For the Wilson government, this means they expect the promises of "Britain on the move again" to be acted upon. They expect lower taxes, not higher. They expect lower prices, not higher. They expect more and more varied goods to be on sale in the shops, and more money to spend there. At the moment they have reason to be disappointed. That disappointment could turn to hostility if Britain is faced with severe deflation, and the hostility to outright opposition if Labour turns to the language and the practice of austerity. In some ways, perhaps the severest long-term threat facing Labour in Britain is that the emerging voters, nurtured on Conservative affluence, and knowing little else, will, if Harold Wilson cannot improve his showing with the British economy, turn on Labour's train and wreck that.

BRIAN WENHAM

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New York—Now that Wagner Says No

A few years ago, the Mayor of New York and an old friend set out together for a conference in Milwaukee. They climbed aboard a huge Boeing jet liner. Wagner's companion was slightly disturbed to notice that the plane's lavatories had oriental inscriptions. Then, as they were air-borne, the pilot's voice came over the speaker:

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. You're flying Northwest Airlines to Okinawa and Tokyo."

"My God, Bob," the companion cried. We're on the wrong plane." The Mayor smiled. "Well, Bill," he said, "I've always wanted to go to the Orient." They were debarked instead in Chicago, but now the Robert Wagner who welcomes crises as so many tranquilizers and the Robert Wagner who itches to wander are both content: He has said he will not run again, and left the New York City Democratic Party bereft, frightened, and divided behind him.

The day before his withdrawal, he was a guest at the national convention of the United Hat, Cap and Millenery Workers Union, whose president, Alex Rose, is also proprietor of the New York State Liberal Party, and one of the Mayor's closest friends. Vice President Hubert Humphrey was also a guest, and together he and Rose spent the morning on no other business except making Robert Wagner feel wanted. The Mayor had seemed gloomy, but resigned at the end; and both Rose and Humphrey must have seen him off assuming that he had heeded their prayer.

Now the Mayor has left his city almost at the Republicans' mercy, and his party in possession by default of Senator Robert F. Kennedy, whose power it had previously been Wagner's incessant policy to limit. Republican Congressman John Lindsay, for no entirely persuasive reason, had been installed as favorite in the election betting; and President Johnson seems to have taken natural alarm at the prospect that the only substantial office within the gift of the voters next November might fall to the Republicans.

There were reports that the President planned to install order among the New York Democrats, although the Dominican experience might have taught him the risks of intervening in societies with limited experience in representative government. The first solution to emanate from Washington was, if it did have White House blessing, a melancholy example of the defects of intelligence reporting at a distance. Washington was said to have offered Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. as the most plausible candidate for mayor. Roosevelt has been in exile in Washington for almost a decade; he served a casual three terms in Congress before 1954, and then tried for state office and was debarred by a coalition of a few of his father's old enemies, and the many enemies he had achieved by himself. After that, he sank into private enterprises, the most appetizing of them selling foreign cars. He was then disinterred by President Kennedy for light housekeeping duties as Assistant Secretary of Commerce.

It is local superstition that the next mayor will be the candidate who runs with the endorsement of the Liberal Party, in recent years a Wagner satellite, but before then an independent force with some claim to be the balance of power in state and local politics. There is little reason to believe it will support the Democrats this year. Wagner's withdrawal cut a strong tie of sentiment; the remaining tie of interest is all to John Lindsay. The Liberal vote has been declining; Lindsay's appeal to the reformist instinct indicates that he would poll 300,000 votes on the Liberal line where no conceivable Democrat could get more than 150,000. The Democrats will likely have to go it alone.

No plausible Democratic compromise has come to surface so far; and early in the week after Wagner's withdrawal, the civil service seemed to be moving to capture the Party with speed and discipline. Paul R. Screvane, president of the City Council and Wagner's vice mayor, announced that he would run for the succession. Screvane is something new in politicians – the man who worked in government all his life and did not think to run for office until he had climbed every rung of the civil service ladder. He began 29 years ago as a garbage truck driver, went to war and was breveted an infantry major, returned to be first city commissioner of sanitation, then Deputy Mayor until four years ago he was elected president of the City Council. Most of the letters begging Screvane to run had been solicited from and feelingly delivered by the city's various clubs of civil servants.

Screvane is tough, occasionally abrasive, and very much the commander, altogether, in fact, the figure *Time* used to tell us General Wessin y Wessin was. Screvane could represent the first conquest of a municipal government by its servants.

The merit system was designed to protect the public employee against the politician. By now city government is the largest employer in New York; its 219,000 civil servants, like the military in the Caribbean, are a force more formidable than any faction of politicians. It was inevitable that a time would come when the politician would have no defense against them. The decisiveness with which the civil service groups were forming their battalions behind Paul Screvane last week, while the politicians could only fumble and falter, was an indication that that time is already upon us.

MURRAY KEMPTON

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"One Man, One Vote"

by David I. Wells

In his dissent in *Baker vs. Carr*, the case which triggered all subsequent reapportionment litigation, the late Justice Frankfurter forecast that the decision would lead the Supreme Court into a "political thicket." The prophecy has been fulfilled, according to Arthur Krock, who praises Frankfurter's "remarkable clairvoyance." What in fact has been happening in the states?

Since the "one man, one vote" ruling a year ago, one or both houses of 19 legislatures have been reapportioned. Kentucky, Mississippi, West Virginia and Wisconsin reapportioned before *Baker vs. Carr*. In Alaska and New Hampshire, steps leading toward reapportionment are being taken without direct court interference. Another 17 states are under federal or state court orders to reapportion before the next election. In Kansas, Louisiana and Nevada, suits have been instituted attacking the existing apportionments, but no rulings have been handed down. Only in Maine, Massachusetts, North Carolina, Oregon and South Carolina have there been no significant developments. At the same time, a multi-pronged counterattack has been mounted by political forces, whose power rests on the old, inequitable system of representation. Nationally, this resistance has focused chiefly on efforts to nullify the Supreme Court decisions by Constitutional amendment. In the US Senate, an epic battle over the Dirksen proposal is on the horizon. In the states, the counterattack has taken a variety of forms.

There have been a few cases of outright defiance. In Wyoming, despite a court order to reapportion, the legislature simply adjourned without taking any action. A federal court was forced to invalidate two successive apportionment plans when the Tennessee legislature ignored court directives.

Delaying tactics have been used. In California, for example, reapportionment is being put off as long as possible in the hope that the Supreme Court decisions will be overturned. (Last June 1, the Supreme Court ordered California to reapportion forthwith.) The New Jersey State Senate unsuccessfully petitioned the federal court to permit it to postpone reapportionment until after the next elecion. Democrats in New York tried unsuccessfully to induce a federal court to cancel its order for a special election this fall, one which the Democrats seem confident of losing.

Some states have eliminated the more extreme disparities in representation but have not gone far enough. Thus, the creation by the Georgia legislature of districts with double the population of others has been deemed a violation of the "one man, one vote" principle. The federal district court has demanded a new plan before the 1968 election, under which no district would vary in population from the state average by more than 15 percent.

Several state legislatures have tried to set up "weighted" or "fractional" voting procedures, which leave existing district boundaries unchanged. For different reason, courts in New York, New Jersey and New Mexico disallowed such schemes but there has not yet been a clear-cut legal test of weighted voting.

Gerrymandering – the deliberate drawing of district boundary lines in a way that gives one political party an unwarranted advantage – is being used more and more by both parties. In Delaware, a new apportionment plan is under challenge in a federal court on the ground that it discriminates against Republican voters by gerrymandering. In Michigan, where the state constitution vests power to apportion in a non-legislative commission, a suit has been brought before the State Supreme Court charging that the new apportionment promulgated by the Commission constitutes a partisan gerrymander to further the election of Democrats. In a special referendum in May, Ohio voters defeated a state constitutional amendment after its opponents, led by the Democrats and the AFL-CIO, charged that it would enable the Republicans to gerrymander districts. In New York, where at different times during the past half year *both* parties have had the opportunity to draw district lines, both have indulged in flagrant gerrymandering.

A few years ago, the Supreme Court ruled that gerrymandering a town boundary line to cut down the political strength of Negroes was unconstitutional, but we have had no conclusive court test of gerrymandering intended to discriminate against a political party. This January, however, Justice Brennan did say that a particular apportionment scheme might be suspect if it operated ". . . to *minimize* or cancel out the voting strength of racial or *political* elements of the voting population. When this is demonstrated," he added,

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"it will be time enough to consider whether the system still passes constitutional muster." (emphasis added)

In retaliating against these various attempts to circumvent equitable reapportionment, the courts have their own weapons. Courts have threatened to put their own plan into effect, and in Oklahoma, the threat has been carried out. A federal district court announced last October that it was asking the director of Yale University's Computer Center to prepare a set of computer-created districts, and said that if the Connecticut legislature failed to reapportion by January 30, the computer's plan would be imposed. In the State of Washington, weighted voting, which ironically had been used elsewhere by legislatures to *avoid* reapportionment, was used as a threat by a federal court in an effort to get the legislature to reapportion itself. On the ground that improperly-apportioned legislatures had already been ruled unconstitutional and that they continued to exist only at the courts' sufferance, courts in several states have limited the subjects with which such legislatures could deal, prior to reapportionment. For the same reason, the terms of office of legislators elected under old, unconstitutional apportionments have been curtailed in several states, and special elections have been ordered on the basis of newly-approved plans.

There have been head-on collisions between state and federal courts. The Colorado legislature enacted, and a federal court approved, a new apportionment plan. Subsequently, however, the plan was invalidated by the Colorado Supreme Court on the ground that it violated a state constitutional provision. Thereupon, the US Supreme Court ordered the federal court in Colorado to deal with all state constitutional questions in the light of the state court's decision. In New York, where a federal court had ordered that a plan already invalidated by the state's highest court should nevertheless be used for this November's special election, the US Supreme Court refused to intervene. To have granted a stay of the federal court order would, in effect, have meant extending the term of the existing, malapportioned New York legislature, and this the high court appeared unwilling to do.

Recent decisions have affected Congressional districting as well as state legislative reapportionment. In February of last year, in *Wesberry vs. Sanders*, the Supreme Court ruled that congressional districts within a state must be substantially equal in population. That decision was aimed at gross variations in district populations which result in some Congressmen representing three and four times as many people as others from the same state. In a later ruling, the Court indicated that these inequalities must be eliminated in time for the 1966 election.

For over a decade, House Judiciary Chairman Emanuel Celler (D,-L, N.Y.) has been introducing bills to prohibit states from creating congressional districts which vary in population by more than 15 percent from the state average. (Prohibiting variations beyond 15 percent would eliminate the more extreme disparities, but would permit differences of over 100,000 in some states.) This past March, after unsuccessful efforts to reduce the permissible variation to 10 or 12½ percent the House passed the Celler bill. The Senate Judiciary Committee has completed brief, little-publicized hearings, but the measure has not yet been reported out.

Meanwhile, many states have already acted to meet the 1966 deadline. Since *Wesberry*, congressional district boundaries have been redrawn in 17 states. In most of these, population differences were reduced very substantially. Indiana's maximum deviation dropped from 65 to 13 percent; Georgia's fell from 209 to 16 percent; Michigan's was lowered from 85 to two percent. Nevertheless, in almost half the states, variations still exceed even the generous 15 percent maximum allowed under the Celler Bill.

The political effects of reapportionment to date are not easy to gauge. Only a handful of states have actually held elections under revised apportionments. Democrats appear to have been the gainers in some, Republicans in others. Still, some guesses about the future may be hazarded. In the bulk of Northeastern and Midwestern states, reapportionment should, in the long run, be more helpful to the Democrats, for the formerly over-represented rural areas of these states (especially in the East) tend to be Republican. In the Border states and to a lesser extent in the deeper South, increased Republican representation can be expected, for GOP strength here has centered in and around the heretofore under-represented cities.

The intraparty effects of reapportionment are likely to be more profound that the interparty ones, especially in the South. The fact that almost a dozen Negroes will hold seats in the next Georgia legislature is at least as much attributable to the Reapportionment Revolution as to the Civil Rights Revolution.

One development in Connecticut may foreshadow similar changes elsewhere. Present members of the lower house were elected under an old apportionment system which produced substantial rural (and hence, Republican) overrepresentation. A Hartford dispatch in the June 7 *New York Times* reported that, "The Republicans, aware that the majority in the next General Assembly will be elected by urban voters, have been striving to project a picture of conscientious liberalism. Reversing the traditional position of the two parties, they have been pressing Governor Dempsey to tax more and spend more."

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The Secretary of Defense

by Alex Campbell

To Defense Secretary McNamara the overriding fact of life is the existence of nuclear weapons and he is realistic about them. This April, McNamara caused a furore in Washington by remarking, off the record, that the US was not pledged *not* to use nuclear weapons in Vietnam. He then had to go on the record to say this: "I think it's perfectly apparent there's no military requirement for the use of nuclear weapons in the current situation. And no useful purpose can be served by speculation on remote contingencies." Nevertheless, he has shaped military strategy to try to ensure that the Great Deterrent won't have to be used.

In November 1963 McNamara said: "Since World War Two, the expansionist impulse of the Communist bloc is clear, but equally clear is its desire to avoid direct confrontation with the military forces of the free world." This, in one sentence, is the basis for the entire McNamara strategy. As a result of McNamara's efforts, the US with its 416 Polaris missiles, 800 Minutemen and 54 Titans, as well as its 935 intercontinental bombers, has a military superiority over Russia of "approximately 3 or 4 to 1," and the Russians seem to have dropped right out of the arms race. So now China fills McNamara's strategic foreground. "It will be 10 years before China can launch any substantial number of intercontinental ballistic missiles against this country," he says. The task meantime is to check China's expansionist impulse, if possible without using nuclear weapons. He thinks it has to be done, and can be.

"To defend Southeast Asia we must meet the challenge in South Vietnam," he says. The South Vietnamese had 4,000 casualties last month. There are 14 million South Vietnamese. For a US-size population the corresponding monthly toll would be 56,000 casualties: an insupportable rate of loss. Yet if the war is lost McNamara believes the Communists will then push on, in Laos and into Thailand, and "the US will have to face this same problem all over again in another place or permit them to have all Southeast Asia by default."

Well, why not? Why shouldn't China have "hegemony" over Southeast Asia? The Chinese Communists might exercise the same tight control as Russia had over Eastern Europe in Stalin's time. But China still couldn't attack India, the great prize, without confronting US nuclear might. Even over Southeast Asia, Chinese control probably would weaken in time—say, four or five decades—as has the Russian grip on Eastern Europe. Why should the US run great risks to save Southeast Asia from Communism?

McNamara's thinking on this seems twofold. First, the US—and its allies—have a moral responsibility. They *ought* to use the power which they have, to try to prevent it. Second and more earthy, to permit it is an unacceptable risk to the present balance of world power. And the chances of being able to hold China in check without nuclear escalation, until the regime has mellowed into a Khrushchevian, coexistence phase, are still good enough for the US to take the risk of getting involved in a land war in Asia.

Evaluation of risks as acceptable and unacceptable is bedrock to McNamara's strategy. For instance, he is fully alive to the delicate insecurities that beset Russia's present leaders and the danger of Vietnam eroding the tentative detente between Russia and the US. But the risk of serious Soviet involvement in the fighting in Vietnam seems, at the moment and by a hairsbreadth, less than the chances that US persistence may compel Hanoi to call on the Russians to renew their proposal for an international conference. McNamara feels it is his business to weigh such risks and chances against each other, before giving the President military advice. He evidently believes the Vietnam war can continue without ruining the detente. He also balances short views and long views. Thus it would not be surprising if he thinks that the US, while holding China in check and waiting for her to mellow, ought to be probing her intentions by all possible means, including whatever first-hand knowledge can be obtained by having our man in Peking, not just a spy satellite 100 miles above it.

In the responsible exercise of power, the US must have allies. American public opinion will ultimately reject the notion of the US being the only cop on the beat. Such a view presumably accounts for McNamara's frequent exhortations; to Australia and Japan to spend a lot more of their growing wealth on defense, and to Britain to keep her army on the Rhine as well as continuing her role from Aden to Hong Kong even though she now is without an empire. The Australians have proved receptive, the Japanese are very dubious. The British bemoan their economic troubles and resent

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having to buy their missiles, bombers and fighters from the US. McNamara has offered to make arms buying a two-way trade, by dropping the 50 percent price advantage that limits US arms purchases from abroad, and is probably prepared to go even further than that to keep the British pulling their heavy oar.

The very nature of modern war means that the allies of the US have to be closely bound. Plans have to be agreed upon in advance for the possible use of nuclear weapons. There has to be complete coordination.

If France or any other country insists on having its own plan of attack, the US may have to formally advise Moscow that it dissociates itself in advance from that country's bombs or missiles. McNamara's British counterpart, Denis Healey, wants to scale down the British army on the Rhine, and would like an assurance that the US will permit use of tactical nuclear weapons with little or no delay if the Russians attack. But, though McNamara has put enough "tactical" warheads into Europe to make a bang more than 10,000 times the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs combined, imagine what that would do to Europe. McNamara prefers to emphasize that, including the British and the six US divisions there, NATO has more combat troops in Europe than the Soviet bloc and so could successfully fight a conventional war for a time.

McNamara and Europe

What McNamara nevertheless seems to be chiefly up against, in Europe, is the Europeans' strong disinclination to get involved in old-fashioned land fighting – hence in part perhaps European alarm over American tactics in Southeast Asia – coupled with no less strong insistence that the US constantly renew its pledge to defend Europe with nuclear weapons if need be. The Europeans may now regard the six US divisions on the continent less as a fighting force than as a hostage to US nuclear intent. But the danger as McNamara appears to see it is that if the British Army on the Rhine, for instance, were to be further scaled down, the other European troops of NATO except perhaps the Germans would simply melt away.

Yet at the other end of the spectrum, the danger of proliferation of nuclear weapons persists. Though Britain has offered to pool its nuclear weapons in an Atlantic force that would include the nonnuclear Germans, France is building its own independent nuclear *force de frappe*. Besides, there are now nine countries which do not have nuclear weapons but are probably capable of producing them (Australia, Belgium, Canada, India, Israel, Japan, Sweden, Switzerland and West Germany). China's possession of the bomb may yet compel India to go ahead and become a nuclear power in spite of grave economic weakness which, in the US view, is India's real Achilles Heel. The US last year stopped pushing the concept of a European nuclear navy with mixed crews, because the Europeans couldn't agree about it, but the notion has not been dropped. McNamara seems to regard a multilateral nuclear force as a possible antidote to proliferation; the Germans by joining would voluntarily put a brake on their nuclear ambitions. India in the future may be the nucleus of an Eastern MLF. This month in Paris, in a probably vain attempt to keep France actively participating in NATO, McNamara suggested that decisions on nuclear strategy should be reached by the key defense ministers of Europe: the British and French, Germans and Italians, Belgians and/or Dutch.

The broad outlines of McNamara's strategy have perhaps received less attention than his rows with Congress. Three times Congress has refused his request for a shelter program against fallout. McNamara in turn has rejected Congressional demands for a $15-billion B-70 bomber program, as well as for military pay raises beyond what he thinks justified, and for more nuclear-powered navy ships. The last refusal so infuriates Congress that the whole House of Representatives last month approved when the Armed Services Committee, after insisting that the Defense Department is "our creature to direct and guide," declared that next year it will seek authorization for another nuclear-propelled carrier "regardless of any foreseeable circumstances, technical, fiscal or other." McNamara has also been embroiled with the Army Reserve and National Guard and with Air Force hero General Curtis LeMay.

McNamara's critics charge that he is good with charts of organization and "inanimate objects," but not with people. Instead of being praised for integrity for resisting Congressional demands he thinks imprudent or wasteful, McNamara is often accused of lacking political savvy. His gluttony for facts and for long working hours has become legend. It's said that he is a walking computer who carries innumerable statistics in his head, and that he makes his staff arrive early and leave late and he himself is always the first to reach his desk and the last to leave the Pentagon. The story goes that once he telephoned an assistant at home, at 6:30 in the morning. The man's wife took the call and had the wit to ask sweetly, "You mean my husband hasn't reached his office yet?" But from the critics McNamara gets no A's for this sort of thing either. They simply say that he isn't afraid of hard work, but "he is not really interested in ideas and has to have everything quantified."

This dim view of McNamara is evidently not shared by President Johnson, who is known to have said solemnly, more than once, "I thank God every night for Bob McNamara."

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Shortly before his death President Kennedy was heard to observe that in his opinion McNamara had "a real future in politics," and last year there was discussion of McNamara as the possible Vice President, on the score that he would make the best President if there were an emergency succession. McNamara himself has never breathed an indiscreet word about a possible political future, in spite of his supposed lack of political savvy. He likes to depict himself as simply a man acting under orders.

The truth is that when he is sure he is right, which is often, nobody, perhaps not even the President, is likely to make McNamara act contrary to his conviction. Yet more than once he has been wrong. In October 1963 he and General Maxwell Taylor reported to the President that in Vietnam "the major part of the US military task can be completed by the end of 1965, although there may be a continuing requirement for a limited number of . . . training personnel." Last year, on his fourth trip to Vietnam, McNamara staggered everyone by giving candy to kids and shouting to crowds "Vietnam *muon nam*" (Vietnam forever) in an apparent bid to hustle popular support for Premier Khan, who soon fell.

Actually McNamara's volatility on that occasion ought not to have surprised anyone. The legend of the colorless computer is false. With visitors to his enormous Pentagon office he is usually relaxed, amiable, talkative; at social gatherings he introduces himself to strangers with a simple, "I'm Bob McNamara." But this affability never blurs the sharp edges of a compelling personality. McNamara is a man of decidedly strong views, particularly about strategy and, since they overlap, about foreign policy. People in the State Department grumble that he "runs off with the ball," and wish Dean Rusk wouldn't let him. Dean Rusk tactfully insists that State and Defense enjoy a beautifully harmonious relationship. But McNamara's people in the Pentagon complain that they are frustrated by the State Department's indecisiveness and lack of contingency plans. The implication is that State could do with some of McNamara's streamlining.

McNamara, just turned 49 this month, *might* one day replace Rusk as Secretary of State. McNamara seems to have no other route to the political summit, unless perhaps on some future occasion he got picked as someone's Vice President (Robert Kennedy and he are on excellent terms). Technically, McNamara is or was a Republican. But, when President Kennedy made his remark about McNamara having a real future in politics, Mr. Kennedy added: "I mean of course in the Democratic Party."

Saul Alinsky in "Smugtown"

by James Ridgeway

Rochester, New York

Saul D. Alinsky's Industrial Areas Foundation has been feverishly at work in the slums here building a Negro community organization that can direct some of the bitterness blacks feel towards whites into channels of constructive protest before the summer sets in. Last year Negroes rioted.

When compared with the poverty programs that take a year or more to plan, let alone implement, Alinsky's initial results are extraordinary. In the three months since Edward Chambers, an IAF organizer, has been in town, 134 Negro groups were welded into FIGHT (Freedom, Integration, God, Honor – Today). It is modeled on the Woodlawn Organization, the Negro community group Alinsky put together in the slums of Chicago's south side.

FIGHT is said to represent two thirds of Rochester's 30,000 Negroes, a claim that probably is grossly inflated. Yet, at its first convention June 11 more than 1,000 delegates turned out to adopt a constitution, elect officers and set policy goals. Of course, it is far too soon to tell whether this structure that has been grafted onto the Negro slums will take hold, but the convention was the largest Negro demonstration the city has seen in recent years, a good deal bigger than a protest against police brutality led by Malcolm X.

Alinsky worked fast in Rochester to beat the heat. The press made it abundantly clear that his rough tactics will be blamed if there is another riot, and he took their challenge. It usually takes the IAF six months to build an organization and nearly a year before the convention takes place. Work in Rochester is made more difficult since there is little structure in the Negro community. The ghetto is fractured, without political lead-

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ership of any kind: there is not much of a civil rights movement; and since only three thousand people go to church regularly Negro churches are not much help.

The Negro population has jumped sharply from five to 30,000 in 15 years, now accounting for about one tenth of the whole. Unemployment is two percent for the city, but 14 percent among Negroes. The demarcation between white and black is sharp in Rochester. The city is a virtual boom town; white affluence is all about; it seems on the one hand readily obtainable, and yet impossibly distant.

The Negro community is united only in its detestation of the white police; this spills over into a general dislike of whites which finds an outlet in an ill-defined sentiment for black nationalism. FIGHT's first president is Franklin D. R. Florence, a Negro pastor who is called Minister Florence. He was a friend of Malcolm X and when once asked whether he distrusted all white men he is reported to have replied, "Almost."

A Southern Plantation

The spirit of the city yet reflects the cozy paternalism of Eastman Kodak, which still is the largest employer and in politics always has exercised a conservative influence. However, for the last five years the city administration has been Democratic, and on paper at least, is pushing ahead with ambitious plans. An urban renewal project would change one of the slum wards where rioting broke out last summer into an interracial neighborhood for people of varying incomes. Unlike urban renewal plans in many other places, this one calls for construction of low income public housing. Efforts are under way to make up for inadequate public housing by constructing more units at scattered sites. Charges of police mauling of Negroes led to creation of a citizens' police advisory board. Recent complaints about failure to enforce city building codes resulted in a grand jury investigation. There are a number of liberal businessmen in the city, and they are talking of training unskilled Negroes in some of the highly skilled jobs in the optical and photographic industries that are flourishing.

But FIGHT claims the Negroes for the most part remain objects of white paternalism. "The establishment feels it can plan for us and not with us," says Minister Florence: The only thing the white paternalists want to know about Negroes is whether they will riot again this year. And that all depends, he adds, "on how soon the whites learn black men are human beings. They are not their simple children."

Perhaps more than most Northern cities, Rochester "reeks of antiquated paternalism," Alinsky says. "It is like a Southern plantation transplanted to the North." There is little sign of Negro participation in city government. There are no Negroes on the city council, none on the board of education or the planning commission. There are 602 whites in the Fire Department and two Negroes; 490 whites in the police force and 25 Negroes.

Although FIGHT's language is abrasive, its demands are modest: more jobs; representation on city policy boards, including the newly formed poverty board; formation of its own lawyers' committee to handle cases of police brutality. It wants the people in charge of urban renewal to build low income housing and move people into it before the slums are torn down; and wants to force slum owners to clean up their premises and to conduct an investigation of retail merchandising practices.

Alinsky would not be in Rochester were it not for the Council of Churches. After last summer's riots, the Council got in representatives of Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, in the hope they would stay on to work. But SCLC preoccupations elsewhere shortly forced their withdrawal. (The atmosphere in Rochester also may have been disconcerting: "What is all this Jesus crap?" one of them was asked at a street meeting where he preached non-violence.) The ministers then turned to Alinsky's IAF; by December various denominations had put up the first part of a total $100,000 to finance IAF work for two years.

The ministers took a pasting. Radio station WHAM, a local ABC outlet, said that if the clergy persisted in bringing Alinsky into town then the ministers must start paying $275 for the hour-long Sunday morning church service the station had been broadcasting free. WHAM said Alinsky was a "troublemaker" and declared, "thinking members of Rochester area churches have admitted many times over that the solution to the plight of any minority cannot be solved overnight – that demands are one thing, but that people do not become economically equal just because the various members of the Christian faith would have it that way. More realistically, members of the human race must prove their capacity to compete and to want to be part of the community."

This is precisely what people mean when they call Rochester "Smugtown, USA," and the ministers ran into a good deal more of the same from their parishioners, some of whom shut off the flow of money. But the Council held its ground against WHAM – and the Sunday morning radio program was cancelled.

They also ran into steady sniping from Paul Miller, president of the Gannett Group of Newspapers, a chain of provincial dailies headquartered in Rochester. His papers have received a Pulitzer prize for reporting on the positive aspects of racial integration and a Brotherhood Award from the National Conference of Christians and Jews. This places him in an odd position

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since the Negroes in Rochester single him out as a particular enemy. They call him "The Fox." In his more ruminative moods, I was told, Miller is given to writing rather unctuous editorials about progress in the modern world, while in his more sober moments, he comes down hard against things like the police advisory board. Miller seems to regard Alinsky as a dangerous outside agitator, brought into this peaceful little city by a bunch of nutty clergymen.

Early on, FIGHT picketed a couple of landlords and got some slums fixed up as the result. The leaders also met with the police.

Apparently for a number of years the city toyed with the wild possibility of bringing in the Urban League. When Alinsky's people arrived the businessmen got together $40,000 and suddenly the League opened an office.

'Blackmail' by the Community Chest

Not long ago the directors of the Baden Street Settlement, an old established settlement house, voted 20-4 to join FIGHT. This made sense since both organizations were working towards the same goals, although the Baden Street staff director preferred the more tried and true path of social work. Nonetheless, it voted to join.

Baden Street Settlement gets more than half its funds ($176,000) from the Community Chest. With a fund raising drive that tops $7 million annually, the Chest is the major reservoir of charity funds and the pride of the city establishment. Its directors each year include the chief corporate officers of such firms as Xerox, Eastman Kodak, Bausch & Lomb and the banks.

When Baden Street Settlement's intentions towards FIGHT were made known, Richard P. Miller, manager of the Chest, announced that none of the Chest funds could be used to support either the IAF or FIGHT. The Community Chest had promised contributors this during its fund drive, he said. Minister Florence promptly accused the Chest of discrimination and of blackmail. Baden Street directors lost their nerve, and narrowly decided against joining. In a fury two directors quit.

These incidents merely tend to prove Alinsky right when he says Rochester is the model home of welfare colonialism. The city was perfectly willing to give the poor Negro a handout. But when it came to their standing on their feet and demanding a better deal, that was revolution.

Throughout the spring Alinsky was a star attraction in Rochester. Meetings he addressed were packed. There was an appropriately stormy session between Alinsky and business leaders. Airline stewardesses cheerfully greeted him by name as he boarded planes in Syracuse for the trip to the city. During my stay people stopped in hotel lobbies to gawk at him; others came up at dinner to shake hands. An unpublicized meeting sponsored by the League of Women Voters drew 1,500 people and filled a high school gymnasium. Alinsky bawled them out for hours. They applauded wildly and ended by giving him a standing ovation. At FIGHT's convention, the first seats filled were the bleachers reserved for spectators. The onlookers were mostly white, many of them ministers. Some people brought along opera glasses to get a good look at the proceedings. Meanwhile, Alinsky prowled about outside, looking dog-tired and shaking hands.

One of FIGHT's big problems is to keep white liberals from swallowing the organization whole. FIGHT permits any Negro to join, but demands that whites be sponsored by a member organization. This is disconcerting to some of the white ministers who played a major part in bringing FIGHT into being in the first place. But Florence and Alinsky argue that FIGHT must reach the bitter, frustrated Negroes before it becomes encumbered with white liberals.

If successful, Alinsky will have done the work the city never undertook, that of reaching down into the Negro wards and pulling them together, not as a political fiefdom for a ghetto politician, but into a democratically constructed organization.

Mediators from the Vice President's long hot summer project are moving through Rochester, working to bring the city government and established business interests into discussions with FIGHT. One of them recently asked Minister Florence what he wanted. Jobs and more representation on the poverty program board, Florence is said to have replied. This federal official next visited with the head of the poverty program who, though he is kept busy defending himself against FIGHT's charges, welcomed the idea of getting more of the organization's representatives on the poverty planning board. (Two members of FIGHT's steering committee already belong, and Florence himself may be appointed.) The city soon should be getting Labor Department funds for an on-the-job training program for 600 people in Rochester industries. This would be in addition to 1500 slots for adults in training programs envisioned by the poverty program, and 1,000 openings in the Neighborhood Youth Corps.

Some student radicals claim Alinsky manipulates people; he is teaching people who don't know how to play, the game of politics. In Rochester he has taken on a serious and dangerous situation. FIGHT yet has to involve large numbers of poor Negroes (its convention looked middle class); the immediate result, however, is that Minister Florence, a man of decidedly little use for whites, now is building a democratic organization that seeks to deal on even terms in white society.

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On The Outside Looking Out

Joe Lee is a Negro tobacco and all-around farmer in the northwestern panhandle of Florida. He is 47 years old, and supports a wife and four children. The family lives in an unpainted wooden house on 52 acres of land. Lee has never taken any meaningful part in the university extension services which are paid for in part by federal money. There is a white farm agent and a white home demonstration agent, but the county, although one-third Negro, has no colored farm agent.

Couldn't Lee have gone to the white farm agent for information and counsel about his crops? "I reckon so," he says, "but it don't work out that way, not exactly." His wife has more to say: "It would not be fittin' to do so. The white farmers go to Mr. — (the farm agent) and the white ladies go see Miss — (the demonstration agent). But we colored, we just aren't going up there; no sir, we're too proud to go and butt in like that."

Neither Lee nor his wife has any clear idea of what services are available through the United States Department of Agriculture. "The man at the warehouse" takes care of their tobacco subsidy papers; neither has heard about loans from the Farmers' Home Administration, or about getting seeds for summer cover crops.

The Lees – that is not their real name – are extremely poor. One of their children, a 6-year-old girl, has a cleft palate and needs surgery. The family gets enough to eat, partly through barter and partly through Joe's taking on extra cash work. But money is scarce.

Recently, the US Civil Rights Commission reported that the colored farmer in the 11 states of the Deep South has been for decades, and still is, the victim of a pervasive and senseless discrimination which is costly both in human and economic resources. To his credit, the Secretary of Agriculture didn't whine or make excuses. He told the chiefs of his 10 major subagencies that the Rights Commission report might have minor flaws but that over-all it was accurate. Freeman instructed his assistants not only to correct the inequities, but to go the extra mile and encourage the Negro farmers to take part in federal services to which they were entitled under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act. He then named a 15-member advisory committee to review the Department's plans and check up on its performance.

The advisory committee's make-up is warranty enough of good faith. Best known of the four Negro members is Aaron Henry, the native Mississippian who served last year as a Freedom Party delegate at the Democratic National Convention. During a Departmental briefing of the committee, Henry took pages of notes and looked up frequently to ask such questions as, "Could you explain that further?" One official was trying rather pathetically to "explain" why there had been some injustices, after which Henry chided him gently, "I believe it would be better to come right out and say 'we haven't done the right thing but we're going to do it from now on out'."

There are teeth in Title VI. The law requires a cutoff of US funds when non-compliance is established at a hearing. No doubt the uninterrupted receipt of Uncle Sam's checks is a factor in Southern cooperation. Yet I believe the principal reason is that race doesn't seem to alter the white farmer's feeling of common purpose with a dark-skinned neighbor. Often, even in the Black Belt, they become good friends. The dynamiters and night-riding murderers of recent times have only rarely been the hard-working, serious farm operators, but rather the small tradesmen whose status in the South is tenuous and ill-defined. On checking the news accounts, I find that nearly all the Klan-type terrorist suspects are listed as car salesmen, day laborers, mechanics, barbers, steel or papermill workers, carpenters, insurance salesmen, or unemployed men. These people are just one step removed from the soil but that one step, I believe, is the corrupting one. They haven't the soil to fall back on; they need the "niggers" to feel superior to.

The white power structure, however, seems not inclined to fight Secretary Freeman's egalitarian reform, and I would ascribe three reasons to this disinclination:

► Nobody is marching from anywhere to anywhere else; it would test the ingenuity of a dozen Eastlands to make a villain out of county farm agents.

► The Southerners don't want to stop the US farm aid or subsidy checks; they like money, even the hated money of the federal bureaucracy.

► Treatment of the Negro farmer has been so hideously and demonstrably unjust that any Southerner with a grain of truth and justice shrinks from any attempt to justify past discrimination.

So far so good. But the great positive need, as I see it, is to establish lines of communication between the professionals of the Department and the Negro farmer who has not been permitted so much as a look inside. He has been excluded to an extent that he doesn't know what it is he needs, or how to go about asking for it.

EMMETT PETER, JR.

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Hardy as a "Modern" Novelist

by Irving Howe

In Thomas Hardy's diary for 1888 there appears a note for "a short story of a young man who could not afford to go to Oxford." It would deal with "his struggles and ultimate failure. Suicide. There is something this world ought to be shown, and I am the one to show it. . . ." Six years later the projected story had grown into a novel, Hardy's last and most bitter, *Jude the Obscure*.

In its deepest impress *Jude the Obscure* is not the kind of novel that compels one to reflect upon the idea of history, certainly not in the ways that Tolstoy's *War and Peace* or Stendhal's *The Red and The Black* does. Nor is it the kind of novel that draws our strongest attention to the causes, patterns and turnings of large historical trends as these condition the lives of a few centered characters. The sense *Jude* leaves one with, the quality of the pain it inflicts, has mostly to do with the sheer difficulty of being unable to bear prolonged isolation or prolonged closeness; the difficulty, at least for reflective men, of getting through the unspoken miseries of daily life. Yet to grasp the full stringencies of Jude's private ordeal, one must possess a strong historical awareness.

The rise of the self-educated proletarian is one of the most remarkable facts in 19th-Century English history. Frequently this new man discovered himself through the trade-union and socialist movements, which brought him a sense of historical mission, an assignment of destiny and role; but he could also be found elsewhere. Struggling after long hours of labor to master the rudiments of learning, he flourished in the dissident chapels which had shot up in England beyond the privileged ground of the Anglican Church; in the lecture courses and night schools that were started by intellectual missionaries; in little reading "circles" that were formed amidst the degradation of the slums. For some of these men education meant primarily a promise of escape from their cramped social position; for others, no doubt a minority, it could approximate what it meant to Jude Fawley – a joy, pure and disinterested, in the life of the mind. Jude is Hardy's equivalent of the self-educated worker: the self-educated worker transplanted into the Wessex world. So that when Hardy first conceived of Jude in that notable phrase, "a young man who could not afford to go to Oxford," he was foreshadowing not merely one man's deprivation but the turmoil of an entire social group.

Socially, Jude hovers somewhere between an old-fashioned artisan and a modern worker. The kind of work he does, restoring old churches, pertains to the traditional English past, but the way he does it, hiring himself out for wages, points to the future. His desire for learning, both as a boy trying to come by a Greek grammar and then as a man walking awestruck through the chill streets of Christminster (Oxford), is portrayed by Hardy with enormous sympathy. But to stress this sympathy is not at all to share the view of some critics that Hardy is so deeply involved with Jude's yearnings, he cannot bring to bear upon them any critical irony. What but somberly ironic is the incident in which Jude receives a crushing reply from the Christminster master to whom he has applied for advice, and what but devastatingly ironic is the scene in which Jude drunkenly flaunts his Latin before the good-natured uncomprehending artisans at the Christminster tavern? Jude is a thoroughly individualized figure, an achievement made possible by Hardy's balance of sympathy and distance; but Jude's personal drama is woven from the materials of historical change, the transformation and uprooting of traditional English life.

The same holds true for Sue Bridehead. She is a triumph of psychological portraiture – and to that we shall return. But the contours of her psychology are themselves shaped by a new historical situation. She could not possibly appear in a novel by Jane Austen or Dickens or Thackeray; her style of thought, her winsome charms and maddening indecisions, are all conditioned by the growth of intellectual skepticism and modernist sensibility. She is the first major anticipation in the English novel of that profoundly affecting and troublesome creature: the modern girl.

Between Jude and Sue there is a special closeness, and this too has been historically conditioned. It is the closeness of lovers, but more than that; it is the closeness of intellectual companions, but more again. In Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* Elizabeth Bennet and Mr. Darcy make their way past comic misunderstandings to a happy marriage, for they share a sense of superior cultivation and, with the additional advantage of status, can expect to keep themselves a little apart, in a semi-protected circle, from the dull but worthy people surrounding them. At home in their society, they can yet maintain a comfortable distance from it. In Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* Heathcliff and Cathy, in their moments of ecstasy, cut themselves off from common life, neither accepting nor rebelling against society, but refusing the very idea of it. In George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, Dorothea Brooke and Lydgate, the two figures who should come together but through force of circumstance and vanity do not, envision a union in which they would struggle in behalf of those serious values their society disdains. They know the struggle would be difficult, but do not regard it as impossible. But by *Jude the Obscure* there is neither enclave nor retreat, evasion nor grasped opportunity for resistance. Jude

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and Sue are lost souls; they have no place in the world they can cherish or to which they can retreat; their goals are hardly to be comprehended in worldly terms at all. Lonely, distraught, rootless, they cling to one another like children in the night. Exposed to the wracking sensations of homelessness, they become prey to a kind of panic whenever they are long separated from each other. The closeness of the lost – clutching, solacing, and destroying one another – is a closeness of a special kind, which makes not for heroism or tragedy or even an exalted suffering, but for that somewhat passive "modern" sadness which suffuses the book.

To present *Jude the Obscure* as a distinctively modern novel is surely an exaggeration; but it is an exaggeration I think valuable to propose, since it helps to isolate those elements which make the book seem so close to us in spirit. There is, in regard to *Jude the Obscure*, an experience shared by many of its readers: We soon notice its fragility of structure, we are likely to be troubled by its persistent depressiveness and its tendency to jog the elbows of a fate already more than cruel, yet at the end we are forced to acknowledge that the book has moved and shaken us. This seeming paradox is almost impossible to explain if *Jude* is regarded as a conventional, realistic novel; it becomes easier to account for if the book is read as a dramatic fable in which the traditional aesthetic criteria of unity and verisimilitude are subordinated to those of a distended expressiveness.

In Hardy's earlier novels, as in most of 19th-Century English fiction, characters tend to be presented as fixed and synthesized entities, as knowable public events. They function in a social medium; they form the sum or resultant of a set of distinguishable traits; they act out, in their depicted conduct, the consequences and implications of these traits; and their very "meaning" as characters in a novel derives from the action to which they are entirely bound. In a book like *The Mayor of Casterbridge* the central figure, Michael Henchard, becomes known to us through his action: what he does is what he is. It would be impudent to suppose that in writing *The Mayor* Hardy did not realize that human beings have a complex inner life, or that there are discrepancies between inner and outer, private and public experience. Of course he knew this, and so did such novelists as Fielding, Jane Austen, and Thackeray. But in their work, as a rule, the inner life of the characters is to be inferred from their public behavior or from the author's analytic synopses.

Now, by *Jude the Obscure*, Hardy is beginning to move away from this mode of characterization. He is still quite far from that intense hovering scrutiny to which James subjects his figures, nor does he venture upon that dissolution of public character into a stream of psychic notation and event which can be found in Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. Yet we are made aware, while reading *Jude the Obscure*, that human character is being regarded as severely problematic, open to far-reaching speculative inquiry, and perhaps beyond certain knowledge; that the character of someone like Sue Bridehead must be seen not as a coherent force realizing itself in self-consistent public action, but as an amorphous and ill-charted arena in which irrational impulses conflict with one another; and that behind the interplay of events occupying the foreground of the novel there is a series of distorted psychic shadows which, with some wrenching, can be taken to provide the true "action" of the book.

Thinking, for example, of Jude Fawley, we are inclined to see him as a man whose very being constitutes a kind of battlefield and who matters, consequently, more for what happens within him than for what happens to him. He is wracked by drives he cannot control, drives he barely understands. Powerfully sexed, drawn immediately to Arabella's hearty if somewhat soiled physical life, Jude is in constant revolt against his own nature. (That revolt comprises a major portion of the novel's inner action "behind" its visible action.) Jude responds far more spontaneously to his juicy slattern of a wife, Arabella, than he does to Sue; for Arabella is unmistakably female and every now and then he needs a bit of wallowing in sex and drink to relieve him from the strain of his ambition and spirituality. At the same time Jude is forever caught up with Sue, who represents an equivalent or extension of his unsettled consciousness, quick and brittle as he is slow and cluttered, and therefore all the more attractive to him, as a vivid bird might be to a bear. The two of them are linked in seriousness, in desolation, in tormenting kindness, but above all, in an overbred nervousness. Theirs is a companionship of the nerves.

Though he is born in the country and lives mostly in towns, Jude could soon enough adapt himself to the 20th-Century city: His mental life, in its increasing divisions and dissociations, is that of the modern metropolis. Destined to the role of stranger, he stops here and rests there, but without community, place or home. His frustration derives not so much from a denial of his desires as from their crossing and confusion; and as he struggles to keep in harmony his rumbling sensuality, his diffused ambition, and his high ethical intent, one is reminded a little of St. Augustine's plaint to God: "Thou hast counselled a better course than thou hast permitted."

Even more than Jude, Sue Bridehead invites psychological scrutiny; indeed, she is one of the great triumphs of psychological portraiture in the English novel. Sue is that terrifying specter of our age, before whom men and cultures tremble; she is an interesting girl. Promethean in mind, she is a masochist in character; and the division destroys her, making a shambles of her mind and a mere sterile discipline of her character. She is all intellectual seriousness, but without that security of will which enables one to live out the consequences of an idea to their limit. She is all feminine charm, but without body, without flesh or smell, without femaleness. Her sensibility is kindled, but her senses are mute. Quite without pride in status or self, she is consumed by vanity, the vanity of the sufferer who takes his suffering as a mark of distinction and bears a cross heavier than even fate might demand. Sue cannot leave anything alone, neither her men nor herself: She needs always to be tampering and testing, communicating and quivering.

D. H. Lawrence, quick to see in Sue Bridehead the antithesis of his idea of

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the woman, writes of her with a fascinated loathing:

"She is the production of the long selection by man of the woman in whom the female is subordinate to the male principle. . . ."

"Her female spirit did not wed with the male spirit. . . . Her spirit submitted to the male spirit, owned the priority of the male spirit, wished to become the male spirit. . . ."

"One of the supremest products of our civilization is Sue, and a product that well frightens us. . . ."

"She must, by the constitution of her nature, remain quite physically intact, for the female was atrophied in her, to the enlargement of the male activity. Yet she wanted some quickening for this atrophied female. She wanted even kisses. That the new rousing might give her a sense of life. But she could only live in the mind."

"Here, then, was her difficulty: to find a man whose vitality could infuse her and make her live, and who would not, at the same time, demand of her a return of the female impulse unto him. What man could receive this drainage, receiving nothing back again? He must either die or revolt."

Yet one thing more, surely the most important, must be said about Sue Bridehead. As she appears in the novel itself, rather than in the grinder of analysis, she is an utterly charming and vibrant creature. We grasp directly, and not merely because we are told, why Jude finds himself unable to resist Sue. Hardy draws her with a marvellous plasticity, an affectionate yet critical attentiveness. She is happily charming when she first encounters Jude at the martyr's cross: "I am not going to meet you just there, for the first time in my life! Come farther on." She is pathetically charming when she escapes the training-school and, dripping wet, comes to Jude's chambers. And there is even charm of a morbid kind when she rehearses in church with Jude the wedding she is soon to seal with the dry schoolmaster, Phillotson. "I like to do things like this," she tells him "in the delicate voice of an epicure in emotions," and in that remark lies a universe of unrest and perversity.

What has been said here about the distinctively "modern" element in *Jude the Obscure* holds not merely for its characterization but also for its narrative structure. *Jude* does not depend primarily on a traditional plot, by means of which there is revealed and acted out a major destiny, such as Henchard's in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. A plot consists of an action purposefully carved out of time, that is, provided with a beginning, sequence of development and climax, so that it will create the impression of completeness. Often this impression comes from the sense that the action of a novel, as given shape by the plot, has exhausted its possibilities of significant extension. Thus we can say that in the traditional kind of novel it is usually the plot which carries or releases a body of meanings.

When a writer works out a plot, he tacitly assumes that there is a rational structure in human conduct, that this structure can be ascertained, and that in doing so he is enabled to provide his work with a sequence of order. But in "modernist" literature these assumptions come into question. In a work written on the premise that there is no secure meaning in the portrayed action, or that while the action can hold our attention and rouse our feelings, we must remain uncertain as to the possibilities of meaning – in such a characteristically modern work what matters is not so much the plot as a series of situations, some of which can be portrayed statically, through tableaux, set-pieces, depth psychology, and others dynamically, through linked episodes, stream of consciousness etc. Kafka's fictions, Joyce's novels, some of Faulkner's, these all contain situations rather than plots. *Jude the Obscure* does not go nearly so far along the path of modernism as these works, but it goes as far as Hardy could.

With a little trouble one could block out the main lines of a plot in *Jude the Obscure*: The protagonist, spurred by the dominant needs of his character, becomes involved in a series of complications, and these, in turn, lead to a climax of defeat and death. Yet the curve of action thus described would not, I think, bring one to what is most valuable and affecting in the novel – as a similar kind of description would in regard to *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. What is essential in Jude, surviving and deepening in memory, is a series of moments rather than a sequence of actions. These moments – one might also call them panels of representation – tend to resemble snapshots rather than moving pictures, concentrated vignettes rather than worked-up dramatic scenes. They center upon Jude and Sue at critical points of their experience, at the times they are together, precious and intolerable as these are, and the times they

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are apart, necessary and hateful as these are. Together, Jude and Sue anticipate that claustrophobic and self-destructive concentration on "personal relationships" which is to be so pervasive a theme in the 20th-Century novel. They suffer, as well, from another "modern" difficulty: that of thoughtful and self-reflective persons who have become so absorbed with knowing their experience they become unable to live it. Their predicament is "tragic" in that deeply serious and modern sense of the word which teaches us that human waste, the waste of spirit and potential, is a terrible thing. Yet a tragedy in any classical sense Jude is not, for it directs our attention not to the fateful action of a looming protagonist but to the inner torments of familiar contemporaries. In classical tragedy, the hero realizes himself through an action. In the modern novel, the central action occurs within the psyche of the hero. And *Jude*, in the last analysis, is a novel dominated by psychology.

It is not the kind of book that can offer the lure of catharsis or the relief of conciliation. It does not pretend to satisfy the classical standard of a composure won through or after suffering: for the quality it communicates most strongly is that of naked pain. The final impact of the book is shattering. Here, in its first stirrings, is the grey poetry of modern loneliness, which Jude brings to apotheosis in the terrible words, "Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived."

This essay is excerpted from Mr. Howe's introduction to a new edition of Jude the Obscure, *to be published by Houghton-Mifflin this fall in the Riverside series.*

A Month in Liu Ling

by Edgar Snow

In August, 1962, two unusual visitors appeared in the village of Liu Ling, in the loess mountains of northwest China. They were Jan Myrdal and his wife, Gun Kessle. Jan Myrdal is a Swedish anthropologist, author, and son of Gunnar Myrdal, distinguished economist, sociologist, and former statesman. Gun Kessle is a talented artist who made the sketches and photographs for *Report from a Chinese Village*, which vividly describes their month in Liu Ling, and the lives of its inhabitants as told by themselves and recorded by Mr. Myrdal, through two Chinese interpreters.

Report from a Chinese Village
by Jan Myrdal
(Pantheon; $6.95)

Liu Ling is in Yenan hsien, or district, in northern Shensi, inside the long loop of the Yellow River, and not far below the Great Wall. The region just south of it, in the Wei River valley and the Sian plain, saw the birth of Chinese civilization more than 3,000 years ago. Recently, northern Shensi cradled rudimentary pre-socialist strongholds. These provided sanctuary, at the end of the Long March, for the Red armies led by Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh following their retreat from southern China in 1935. Yenan became the cave-city capital of the "border government" set up by the Communists.

A suburb of Yenan, Liu Ling has been under Communist control for more than a quarter of a century, a decade or so longer than most of the country. One might think it an excellent place for a study of Chinese revolutionary phenomena. Myrdal thought that also a month or so after his return to Peking, when he stood in a long queue to shake hands with Mao Tse-tung during the National Day celebrations. He "did not move on according to protocol after the handshake, but tried to converse." He recalls the dialogue thus:

"I: I have come back from a trip to the Yenan area.
"Mao: That is a very poor, backward, underdeveloped and mountainous part of the country.
"I: I lived in a village, Liu Ling. I wanted to study the change in the countryside of China. [I meant historical change; Mao seemed to understand it as just economic.]
"Mao: Then I think it was a very bad idea you went to Yenan. You should have gone to the big agricultural plains. Yenan is only poor and backward. It was not a good idea that you went to a village there.
"I: But it has a great tradition – the revolution and the war – I mean, after all, Yenan is the beginning –
"Mao [interrupting me]: Traditions – [laughing]. Traditions – [laughing]."

Myrdal was then pushed onward. It was the kind of noncommunication – "surrealist," he put it – with which some interpreters manage to convert direct contact into the shortest road to misunderstanding. Given time and clarity in which to grasp Myrdal's intention, Mao might have seen its validity. Ironically, the hurried exchange was also just the opposite of the painstaking technique evidently followed by Myrdal in Liu Ling. If that village is indeed not "typical" of 700,000 others in China, then it must be said that the search for the truly "average" Chinese village – on the plains no less than in the mountains – is itself chimerical. Myrdal has anyway demonstrated that his choice of Liu Ling was, for his reader's edification, a very "good idea."

Here you will find order and form imposed on raw material but only a minimal intrusion of the voice of the interrogator or his comment. Myrdal admits only to a "bias primarily that of an intellectual and humanistic tradition." Otherwise he grinds no axes – except for the superiority of his method. Of that he says:

"You don't interview 'subjects' or 'samples', you get people to talk about their lives and you treat them with the respect that is their due as people. This is also what I meant by saying that I have tried to reproduce these peasants' self-portraits; I have not tried to dehumanize a human story, a story that I experienced as an epic in the true sense of the word."

If the approach is not exactly startling

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or original, and especially not for China, it is here managed with superlative skill and is new in its application to a single village of contemporary China. And Myrdal's own estimate of his anthology of personal histories seems altogether fair and candid:

> "Obviously, they are not true accounts, if you define this truth as a 'scientifically objective account', as of an experiment. Such objectivity does not exist when living people are talking about themselves. . . . If this book were read as a novel, it might be called a parade of 'positive heroes'; but this is no novel. Here people plead their own cause. They . . . present themselves as they think they ought to be seen, which naturally means in a positive light."

The result is a book rich in its accounts of human conditions that made change inevitable and also made Communist social leadership and organization acceptable to the village poor. One shares vicariously what the peasant found intolerable and worth dying to destroy. One senses the good or the better about the present and what may be necessary to revive or preserve from the past. Apart from the "true epic" quality of "the lives" there is much useful interpolation of first-hand information about prices and income, supply and distribution, and consumer goods consumption – statistics seen as real events in the daily life of Liu Ling. (Statistics are subject to qualitative-quantitative change; some items listed as rationed are no longer so.)

From three dozen or more personal portraits one learns something of the history of nearly everyone in the village. No one is of "national" importance; there are no great party heroes or veterans of the Long March. And yet national circumstances do assume an interesting new perspective as they take on life from individual recollections about:

The last of the monarchical period, early nationalist struggles; landlord-peasant wars; famine and disease; children and women slaves; the agony of bound feet (like being constantly pinched, one woman said); beheadings and hangings; tortures and beatings by landlords; how the Nationalists alienated the peasantry; the rise of the Red Guards and their parallel in today's militia; how slaves won land; how mutual aid teams were formed and evolved toward communes; burial and marriage customs yesterday and today; how caves are built; male resistance to birth control; a woman sold by her opium-smoking husband and liberated by the revolution; private plots and collectives; adult education; peace preservation; the fate of counter-revolutionaries; school curriculum, activities of the Party, Communist Youth and Young Pioneers; district government; the far-away central People's Government; local remembrances of Mao Tse-tung and three bows before his portrait to climax a modern wedding ceremony; and how an illiterate young peasant learned to read and write and publish his short stories – such is a scant inventory of this cornucopian report.

One of the delightful features of Myrdal's book is his "People say" summings up of village opinion about his various human subjects. Consider this character witness for a brigade bookkeeper:

> "People say of Chang Chung-liang: He's nothing special. On the whole he's an honest fellow. He isn't very strong. He does not like talking with people. He is by nature uncommunicative and something of a recluse. He is decent and honest. He has always had the reputation of being prudent and considerate. His wife, Mei-ying, is a member of the League of Youth. She jokes a lot and chatters all day long. Some years ago she attended a course and learned the new scientific methods of delivering babies. Latterly, she has been midwife and attended most of the births in the village. Because of her, most children now survive. She is very liked. Theirs is a happy marriage."

Myrdal found scarcely a mean remark to record against any of them. His village seems almost tension free, with villainy all in the vanquished past. Yet on recalls how readily Dostoevsky's Ivan accepted the Christian teaching of love for man in the abstract and how impossible it was for him to meet Alexei's demand that he love his neighbor. Wasn't it just one's neighbors one could not abide? Have all the ancient Chinese neighborly hatreds, jealousies, rivalries, murderous passions, really been reconciled in neighborly love? Certainly the endless daily meetings to decide minutest questions of labor tasks, rewards, and personality conflicts, bring new and practical means of social harmony. But why then must the Party keep insisting on class struggle in the countryside to combat reaction and "the peasants' spontaneous tendency to become capitalists" – advocating, specifically, renewed class struggle of the poor and lower middle peasants against the "rich"?

We hear nothing about that in Jan Myrdal's report. "In this village," he honestly concludes, "people do not speak really ill of each other, at least not to younger people or outsiders."

Report from a Chinese Village deserves the wide applause and popularity it has enjoyed in Europe. Since its variegated and valuable material provides important sociological documentation for the specialist, as well, it is lamentable that there is no index.

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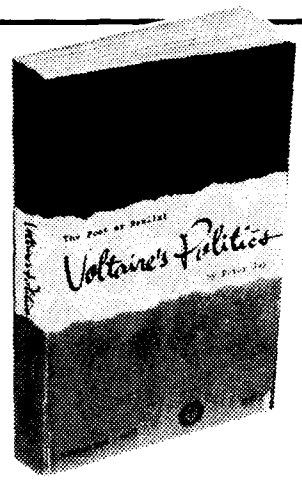

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The Inner Activity of Friedrich Nietzsche

by Norman S. Care

There is a sense in which nearly anyone these days can be an existentialist. What is required is chiefly a knack with the vocabulary of "anxiety" and "dread," and an eye for slogans about existence preceding essence or truth being subjectivity. Its jargon, like Freud's, is rather exciting, and there is something darkly attractive anyway about the newest scoop on absurdity.

Nietzsche
by Karl Jaspers
translated by Charles F. Wallraff
and Frederick J. Schmitz
(University of Arizona; $12)

A despair with commuting is much less mundane when thought of as "existential anguish." Conceptual analyses, unfortunately, often lack the appeal of studies in *Angst*.

Many of the philosophers we associate with the "philosophy of existence" have rejected the title of "Existentialist." This might be due in part to the vulgarization of their themes, but it is due in larger part to differences among them. It is no longer helpful to place Sartre, Jaspers, Marcel, and Heidegger in the same camp. They may believe in common that men are in some sense free, and that freedom in this sense has to do with life's being in some other sense meaningless. But after examination these "senses" often turn out different, and the consequences of any joint premises are rarely agreed upon. Out of prudence we had best say that the philosophers of existence have certain mutual concerns, but little common doctrine.

But they typically have certain favorites in the history of philosophy. They devote much historical attention to figures like Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, and to a lesser degree Schopenhauer. And their attention, though critical in places, is generally loving. While they can be counted on to find Hegel radically mistaken, they are likely to find in Kierkegaard at least something worth exploiting.

Karl Jaspers has written vastly about the *Existenz* (as it is put) of philosophers on the motive that what is important about them is not so much what they say as their philosophizing itself. It is philosophical activity that counts, rather than doctrines, and the object of approaching a thinker must be our coming ourselves to participate in the kind of inner activity he engaged in. "Books about a philosopher are intended to promote this inner activity."

Accordingly, we are offered in this volume on Nietzsche – first published in Germany in 1935, but only now translated into English – "an understanding of his philosophical activity." The book is long, wordy, and repetitious; it contains no wit, and some of it is straightforwardly dull. But one nevertheless comes away impressed, and even charmed.

Recent scholarship has rightly aimed to absolve Nietzsche of responsibility for such philosophical underpinnings as Nazism and similar nonsense may have. Jaspers has placed himself with recent interpreters on this point: He writes in the preface to the post-war editions of the book that "in the years 1934 and 1935, I also intended to marshal against the National Socialists the world of thought of the man whom they had proclaimed as their own philosopher. The book grew out of lectures in the course of which many listeners understood what I meant when I quoted Nietzsche's statements: 'We are emigrants . . .'." Doubtless the influence Nietzsche may have had on the creatures of the Third Reich is due more to the ambitions of his sister than to any direct links between his philosophy and Hitler's goals. Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche (as she called herself as the widow of the anti-Semitic Berhard Förster) appointed herself both guardian of her brother's person during his last years of insanity and keeper of the Nietzsche Archive at Weimar, at which she managed on occasion to command the appearance of *der Führer*.

But cleansing Nietzsche of the ideological burden of Auschwitz can be taken too far. I am disturbed by passages in Jaspers that suggest reverence of Nietzsche. Jaspers remarks that the first plan for his book required a chapter "made up of quotations from Nietzsche's mistaken naturalistic and extremist pronouncements, collected as evidence of his aberrations." But he goes on curiously to say:

> "The result was devastating, and I omitted it out of respect for Nietzsche. . . . The essence of his life and thought is so utterly magnificent that he who is able to participate in it is proof against the errors to which Nietzsche momentarily fell victim. . . ."

This parodies the distinction between philosophical activity and doctrine. It is one thing to separate them, but quite another to do so in such a way as to value activity and discount doctrine. Nietzsche was the philosopher of the *Übermensch* and the will to power, of the superseding of good and evil and of Dionysian strength (even if expressed as evil) over weakness. One can see how these items of doctrine might get "distorted." Given Nietzsche's writings, the distorting is made too easy. Can we justify him by saying "what counts is not constant preoccupation with Nietzsche's work, but the desire to make contact with the source"? To do so is simply to reverse the theme Jaspers regards throughout as a mistake, that of emphasizing a philosopher's pronouncements at the expense of his "inner activity." Surely the evaluation of a philosopher includes essentially the measuring of his doctrines as a basic feature of his *Existenz*. His activity and views make up a whole which we only destroy by devaluing either.

It is not difficult to find Nietzsche attractive, chiefly, I suppose, because he was against pretty nearly everything, but also because he was a marvellous writer. But what is it that Jaspers finds magnificent about a man who took himself so seriously as to express in a letter to his sister (much to the point, as it turned out) his "horror at the thought of the totally unqualified persons who will in time rest their illegitimate claims on my authority," and who was ready to admit that he wrote for effect (he called himself "by far the

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most terrible man that has ever existed")?

The answer is revealing about Jaspers himself, and hence suggests why this volume is also a classic in the literature of the philosophy of existence. Jaspers finds in Nietzsche the kind of intellectual activity which "draws its strength from its readiness to go the whole way and to abide by whatever conclusions are reached." But the heart of this form of activity is the fact that its performance is fundamentally open and incomplete; as an activity it is a continual questing beyond what may appear as a terminus to itself: "to philosophize with Nietzsche is an exercise in possibility." It is, as I understand it, a generalized agnosticism, perhaps a downright cussedness in the face of "answers" to such questions as whether God exists.

Camus thought the most admirable mode of life for man was a persistence in "lucid awareness" of his limits, *i.e.*, of the absurdity of his own posture as a reasoning being over against a world by nature opaque to reason. But for Jaspers, "the limited existence of man cannot fulfill itself without transcendence." Whether a leap to Kierkegaardian faith, or an acceptance of a Kantian ethic, or as with Jaspers, a finding of transcendence in the midst of existence, what seems to be at stake is a move toward completion. For Camus such leaps were "philosophical suicide"; for Jaspers they can become fulfillments.

Nietzsche destroys his own remarkable agnosticism, though, unhappily, he leaps to "self-made beliefs and self-devised symbols (superman, eternal recurrence, Dionysius, etc.) that are wholly lacking in historically convincing atmosphere." Nietzsche, then, is an illustration of the notion that man must push beyond questing to answers of some sort, no matter how reluctantly. We have here a philosopher who spins out answers in the very performance of his quest; and, if he "erred because of his failure to cope with transcendence, it was a magnificent error, thanks to the earnestness of the experience and the force of his expressions."

In the end, however, one must wonder whether even Nietzsche's error was magnificent. How far can we afford to opt for a man's "inner activity" over

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what he says? Is such activity sufficient for magnificence? How much more magnificent is an Aristotle or Kant, Peirce or Wittgenstein, struggling with problems yet saying as carefully as he can, without sham or bravado, what it is he has found to say? How easy it is to make "extremist pronouncements" – whether in politics or philosophy – and to proffer tortured aphorisms in a play for attention. But how hard to state what is the case without distortion, to write not for effect's sake, or to startle, but to make a fair distinction where there is one, or to pursue an honest argument in disinterested inquiry. The magnificent philosophers revered not themselves but their task. And, for them, this meant meeting the challenge of the questions of philosophy with a care for the honesty of their response.

A Marshall Plan for East Europe?

by Nathaniel McKitterick

The conduct of foreign policy was simpler before it became necessary to accept the fact that Communists come in different shapes and sizes, like capitalists. So long as there was some verisimilitude to the image of the Communist "monolith," the Russian adversary was sufficient excuse for all sorts of policies from foreign aid to export controls, from grand designs in Europe to anti-colonial stands in Africa.

Alternative to Partition
by Zbigniew Brzezinski
(McGraw-Hill; $5.95)

But ever since Dulles' "liberation" policy foundered in the Hungarian and East German uprisings and the Sino-Soviet split became a seemingly unbreachable chasm, no serious student of international affairs has been able to accept the simple notion of a bipolar political world. Now Professor Brzezinski, director of the Research Institute on Communist Affairs at Columbia University, comes along to warn us not to treat a detente with Russia as an end in itself in our European policy – assuming, that is, that a detente is still there when the war clouds lift from Vietnam. We ought not, he says, seek cooperation with Russia simply to preserve the status quo in Europe. He believes that impressions to this effect are already widespread in Europe and have contributed to "the dissipation of American leadership."

After giving the reader a fascinating and well-documented picture of East Europe in "disarray," Brzezinski asserts that "detente inevitably challenges Soviet control over Eastern Europe. . . . Only in a relaxed international atmosphere could the hidden tensions and contradictions that plague the East surface and become politically important." In particular, the division of Germany was tolerable to the Germans only so long "as it was accompanied by a measure of hostility towards the Soviet partitioner and especially by frequent American rededications to the elimination of the partition. . . ." With detente we can expect the Germans to become increasingly restive.

Meanwhile, in Western Europe, de Gaulle has been trying to use the detente to demonstrate the irrelevance of the United States in Europe. De Gaulle's "European entente from the Atlantic to the Urals" aims at an eventual end to partition through encouraging the free exercise of national sovereignty in Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, a withdrawal of both US and Russian troops and the dissolution of NATO and the Warsaw Pact in favor of an agreement between Russia and an enlarged European community.

Lacking faith in de Gaulle's power to match his vision with effective means to bring it about, Brzezinski fears that separate European states will each make their own deals with Russia. To ward this off, he urges the United States to take the lead "in formulating a policy designed to captivate the imagination of all Europeans and to involve them in the common venture of building Europe."

Specifically, the US should start treating the nations of East Europe as sovereign, even if they are not quite that; we should listen to their proposals and so treat their officials, as to "breed national pride" among them. Meanwhile, we should carefully ostracize East Germany, the only true satellite left (though Brzezinski avoids using the word anywhere). The object here is to convince the countries of Eastern Europe that the existence of East Germany limits their freedom without enhancing their security.

At the same time, Brzezinski says, we should publicly promote a reconciliation between Poland and Germany, signifying our intention (as has de Gaulle) of recognizing eventually the Oder-Neisse frontier, and perhaps first promoting a NATO pledge to oppose the use of force to change existing frontiers. Meanwhile, we should scrupulously follow German policy in decrying the existence of East Germany, and not imply, as we did in the early 1960's, that we might accept its existence in return for some regularization of Allied access to Berlin. Finally, we should join with Germany in offering Poland various kinds of economic aid.

Since there can be no reunification of Germany until the Russians consent, great care must be taken not to exacerbate Russian fears of Germany. Thus, Brzezinski would promise in advance that reunited Germany would not become "an outpost of NATO." He would consider the demilitarization of East Germany and the stationing there of UN peace-keeping forces; or possibly retaining some Soviet garrisons in East Germany for a period after reunification (as happened in Austria).

Economic ties between the West and East Europe, the author says, should be related more closely to cultural and social contacts. He is critical and fearful of the non-political approach to East-West trade which has found favor in Europe, and in some recent reports in the United States. As Khrushchev once said to a committee of US Congressmen, so Brezezinski says now: Value trade for its political not its economic advantages. In general, Brzezinski would gear trade and credit offers to tangible steps taken in East Europe to liberalize domestic systems and to increase independence of Moscow. Trade and credit offers should be with-

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drawn whenever the reverse occurs. Finally, "the United States, speaking through its President, should address a proposal to the European powers, including Russia, to join with America in formulating a joint, all-European economic development plan. The plan would be designed to cut across the present European partition, to narrow existing disparities in European living standards, to reduce the economic and political significance of existing frontiers, and to promote East-West trade and human contacts by the development of an all-European system of communications." In brief, a huge, multilateral venture, employing the whole orchestra of aid instruments in Europe and the United States, including the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. "The proposal would be premised," he adds, "on an implicit acceptance by the East of the principle that the reconstruction of Europe would involve in time the reunification of Germany."

If this recital sounds a little breathless, so does the book itself. Though it deals with the most serious subjects, one has difficulty taking it seriously. What kind of Europe would emerge in the unlikely circumstances that Brzezinski's Grand Design were followed? He implies that the idea of an Atlantic Community should be sacrificed to the courting of Eastern Europe, but why? Is he writing off the Atlantic Community as a lost horizon? Should the Atlantic institutions now in existence, like OECD and NATO, be so radically changed as to subordinate their Atlantic purposes to the end of wooing Eastern Europe? The author does not address himself to these questions.

Sense and Sensibility

by Stanley Kauffmann

Early in her new novel, Elizabeth Spencer puts her own finger on one of its chief shortcomings:

> "She remembered that George had said once, one evening when he had drunk too much, that Americans never lose their experience abroad, they simply magnify it. 'It's the old trick of grandfathers,' he had said. 'Before the fire they make little motions and big shadows dance on the wall. Europe is the wall the shadows dance on'."

For the visiting novelist, Europe is also a well of facile analyses and self-flattering observations, an arena for display of sensitivities that might neither be stimulated nor so attractively set off at home. There are grave difficulties at home for the American writer in finding adequate material; that is one problem. It is relatively easy for him to find material abroad; that is another problem. It leads, in my view, to an even more fundamental problem of Miss Spencer's, one (to be discussed) that she shares with some other serious writers.

Knights and Dragons
by Elizabeth Spencer
(McGraw-Hill; $3.95)

Her career began with three novels about her native South, which were variously honored. I have read one of them, *The Voice at the Back Door*, which is about Negro-white relations and which I remember with respect as a well-modeled, empathetic work. Subsequently she has lived much in Italy and has written two short novels about Americans living there. *The Light in the Piazza* (which was filmed) seemed to me unevenly written and thematically hollow. Its story was a sentimental grotesque: A wealthy American woman marries off her lovely but mentally retarded daughter to a Florentine youth, confident that the child can live out her life happily there. (I kept thinking of the gravedigger's line about the mad Hamlet in England: " 'Twill not be seen in him there. There the men are as mad as he.")

Now Miss Spencer presents *Knights and Dragons*, another short novel about an American woman in Italy, and it seems to me a further deterioration,

The chances for Tommy Red Eagle are pretty slim. Unless you help.

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diminished in plot interest. This time she is concerned with neurosis, not retardation. A divorcée named Martha Ingram is a cultural attaché at our consulate in Rome. Her ex-husband, Gordon, an older man who had been one of her teachers, is in New York but is still a dominating presence in her life, so much so that he even becomes an irritating presence to her friend and boss George Hartwell. In the course of her work Martha meets a visiting American economist, Jim Wilbourne, married, with whom she has an affair. When he leaves and when Gordon dies almost simultaneously back in New York, she is thus freed of both, and we are to understand that Martha disintegrates in release. The book closes with its message, like an Aesop fable:

> "She was of those whom life had held a captive and in freeing herself she had met dissolution, and was a friend now to any landscape, a companion to cloud and sky."

This final sentence epitomizes some further faults in the book unfortunately well. Martha did not free herself, she was freed. (Character is misunderstood.) She does not meet any dissolution that we see or foresee. (Themes are stated, not dramatized.) Spurts of author's lyricism are substituted for the character's own emotion or for complete concepts. (Aside from the ladies' magazine tone of the "companion" figure, would "dissolution" render a woman sister to the universe?)

This leads us to the larger matter mentioner earlier. *Knights and Dragons* is a novel of sensibility, much as defined by the Mother Eve of the school, Virginia Woolf:

> "The mind receives a myriad impressions – trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. . . . Life is not a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged; life is a luminous halo, a semitransparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end. Is it not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display, with as little mixture of the alien and external as possible?"

The answer is beginning to be, "No." This is not to argue a return to the materialism or naturalism that Virginia Woolf was questioning, it is to suggest that sensibility, as a school of writing, is a later phase of romanticism, one that fits T. E. Hulme's definition of the latter as "spilt religion." The "luminous halo," the "semitransparent envelope" are states of grace in a faith that substitutes hyperesthesia for cosmology, a safe, amorphous, interior world for the disappointments and demands of the external. It is an egotism passing as an honesty. We now feel the internal world to be too subtle to be left to imagism, to be encompassed by series of lyric sweeps. The external that distressed Mrs. Woolf is no longer so clearly outside us nor the internal so thoroughly subjective. Every agony need not be titanic in order to be relevant, but art that lives on superiority-by-withdrawal is becoming harder to nourish. It is the enlarging of our cultural arteries, not their hardening, that seems to have aged the novel of sensibility. The much-mooted matter of the death of the novel needs subdivision; certain *kinds* of novels may be dying or at least receding. One of the kinds, I believe, is such a novel as Miss Spencer's latest.

Its materials – of setting, character, language – emphasize this, I think. First, there are the facilities of the foreign setting, as noted; but additionally, that setting is quite unnecessary for the book. Martha needed only to be separated from her ex-husband. She could have been living in Des Moines as well as Rome. But Des Moines would not have provided the pretty street names, the superficially colorful subsidiary characters, the bits of Italian immediately followed by translation ("Le prendono in giro, Martha thought. They are leading her in a circle.")

Martha herself is not a character but a set of literary assumptions. Divorced, quietly suffering, cultured, with an imagination so delicate that hallucination attends it, a personality so winning that a faithful-dog man friend worries continually about her happiness. One does not have to *create* such a character; one need only list the attributes, and the devotees of the sensitive eagerly fill the interstices with their own frustrations. Miss Spencer cannot have the same luck with Jim. He remains inert, no matter how she struggles with him. And she does struggle; she is so anxious to make her book moving that she cannot control its diction inside the man's thoughts. On one page Jim thinks: "Jesus, what a trap! He rebelled at the whole godawful picture. . . ." But just on the preceding page he has been thinking of Martha in these terms:

> "What had he taken there, what had he conquered, so much as a city – a white, ample, ripe city, with towers, streets, parks, treasures? One bold leap of the imagination back there in Venice . . . had taken him soaring across the stale and turgid moat of her surrounding experience, had landed him at her very gates."

It is not only the incongruity of these words with anything we know about Jim, it is not only the lack of success as figurative language, it is the very method that lames this passage and stamps it, among other things, old-fashioned. It is part of a style and point of view that was a refuge against grubby 19th-Century naturalism, against the clinically psychological, against the clumsily social conscious. For more than two generations it filled a need in the literary – one may say psychological – spectrum. Now it seems, in several senses, self-limiting.

It must be noted that, as such, the writing in *Knights and Dragons* is less labored than in Miss Spencer's last book. Occasionally one of her lyric sweeps really ascends, a perception hits a mark. ("He foresaw a time when the only individuals would be neurotics. They were the only people who still had the nerve to demand an answer.") And there is, in the shape of the book, the *hope* of the book, an instinct for seriousness that at least gives us sympathy for the author. But there is no realization in these pages; particularly, people are not realized – in the world's or each other's eyes or in the truth of their inner worlds. It is a charade by a writer of some talent whose chief supports at present are the refinements of her ambition.

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THEATRE

Thoughts from Home and Abroad

The English theatre, unlike the English climate, knows no season, and this is sufficient compensation for the weather on that damp isle. New productions were appearing two or three times a week throughout the late spring, and will continue to multiply during the coming summer months. Of all the offerings I saw, the National Theatre performance of *Mother Courage* was the greatest disappointment. Weakly acted, flatly directed, prosaic and lifeless, it became the occasion for another of those debates that rage whenever a Brecht play is badly produced on either side of the Atlantic, over the author's credentials as a dramatist (the majority of English newspaper critics, though more literate than ours, are equally likely to blame a poor performance of a play on the play itself). With *Mother Courage*, however, Brecht was betrayed more by his partisans than by his enemies. Instead of finding a congenial English style for the work, William Gaskill, who directed, decided to model his production on that of the Berliner Ensemble, using Brecht's notes when his memory failed. This resulted in an extremely mechanical evening during which the play was less created than re-created, right down to Frau Helene Weigel's famous silent scream. Then, the English actors seemed bewildered by Gaskill's Alienation theories, and floundered helplessly in an unfamiliar technique. Madge Ryan, especially imported into the company for the title role, proved completely inadequate to it, lacking toughness, resiliency, humor, and anguish, and trying to compensate by playing most of the part with her fists on her hips and her shoulders reared back. As for the National Theatre regulars, they tended to slip into the security of past characterizations – Frank Finlay, for example, endowed the Cook with a Lancashire dialect, squeezing out charm as if he were still doing Willie Mossop in *Hobson's Choice*. Finally, the songs were so caterwauled and the ironies so muffled that I almost began to remember the Broadway production – inadequate as it was – with something aproaching affection.

Mother Courage
by Bertolt Brecht
(National Theatre at the Old Vic)
Henry V
by William Shakespeare
The Homecoming
by Harold Pinter
Royal Shakespeare Company
(at the Aldwych)
Square in the Eye
by Jack Gelber
(Theatre de Lys)

As the National Theatre began to falter, however, the Royal Shakespeare Company began to sprint, opening its summer season at the Aldwych with a powerful performance of *Henry V*. John Bury's settings for this production, like Jocelyn Herbert's settings for *Mother Courage*, were obviously influenced by the starkness and simplicity practiced at the Berliner Ensemble (not least among the Brechtian influences on the English theatre has been a revolution in costume and scenic design). Bury's settings, composed of wire nets and heavy metal bands, removed the Shakespeare play from history and gave it a quality of dark metallic abstractness. This was in keeping with the production concept of the directors, John Barton and Trevor Nunn, who divested the action of panoply and presented instead an essay on the filth and squalor of war and the hollowness of military rhetoric. Rather than play Henry as a glorious warrior, achieving England's manifest destiny on French battlefields (Olivier's approach in the magnificent film version), Ian Holm chose to interpret the character as a frail, diminutive, sensitive youth who grows increasingly brutalized by senseless carnage. Holm's Henry is urged into battle by purely casuistical arguments, becomes an anguished participant in atrocities (in one scene, he cuts the throat of a French prisoner before the eyes of the audience), and suffers severely from shell shock and combat fatigue. When the battle of Agincourt is finally won, he is a shivering wreck, scarred inside and out, and crying like a baby. This concept obviously runs flat against the author's conscious intention, which was to glorify English heroism, and while it accounts for some terrifying battle scenes (murky panoramas bespattered by blood and smoke, and punctured by the harrowing groans of the wounded), it is not fully sustained to the end of the play. On the other hand, it adds an interesting dimension which may even have been unconsciously put there by Shakespeare himself – how else can we explain the shaky morality of Henry's claim to France, his order to kill all French prisoners, his apparent indifference to the hanging of former comrades like Bardolph, and his personal stiffness and lack of scruples?

The second presentation at the Aldwych – which I saw in dress rehearsal the night before I departed England – was Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming*,

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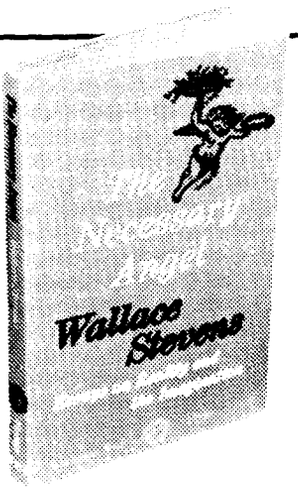

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his first long play since *The Caretaker*. The performance I witnessed was not finished, so I will withhold comment on it, except to say that Paul Rogers seemed to me miscast as a brutal father, or, perhaps, had not yet managed to eclipse the pleasantness of his own character under the unpleasantness of his role. The play also looked to me unfinished, but since it was soon released to the public unchanged, I can be less circumspect about criticizing it: *The Homecoming* adds no cubits to its author's stature. I have always been troubled by Pinter's reluctance to invest his works with anything more than atmosphere, but I have always admired his technical sureness and theatrical instinct – now even these have momentarily failed him. The play is mutilated by an inconsistent tone and a disunified style, as if the author were uncertain whether to write a mysterious drama of menace like *The Caretaker* or a drawing room sex comedy with Pirandellian overtones like *The Lover* or *The Collection*. The action is sometimes penumbral and sinister, sometimes frothy and absurd; the authenticity of a naturalistic scene is frequently shattered by laugh-pandering; and the whole affair finally collapses in an unconvincing dénouement.

The beginning of the play is promising: there Pinter prepares to sketch the outlines of a *petit-bourgeois* family nightmare. In a large peeling house, the dominant color of which is black, live four men without women: a cruel, spiteful father, his mild-mannered brother, and his two sons. Pinter, as usual, creates suspense by withholding all information about this family except for quotidian facts, but he nonetheless manages to suggest their infinite loathing for one another, and to evoke harsh comedy out of the cruelty of their hatreds. After the electricity of the opening scene, however, the play short-circuits. A third son arrives home – a PhD lecturing in an American university – accompanied by his vague, dreamy wife. Although the family has never met the woman before, the father is instantly accusing her of being a "stinking pox-ridden sculler" ("I've never had a whore under this roof before, not since your mother died, on my word of honor."), and the two sons are taking turns making love to her. All this occurs before the husband's eyes, and as he watches bemusedly, pulling on his pipe, the father and his sons decide to set her up as an expensive prostitute and live off her earnings: She readily agrees. The play ends with the husband leaving the house, the uncle collapsing on the floor, the father having a heart attack, and crawling towards his daughter-in-law on all fours, begging for a kiss. The accumulated strokes, fits, and coronaries that occur before the final curtain give the ending a quality of unintentional farce, while – for the first time in a Pinter work – the action escapes from probability altogether, and becomes mere exploitation of the bizarre.

To return to New York, even after such failures as this, is to return to a scene of theatrical barrenness and desolation: nothing accentuates the bankruptcy of our own theatre more than the richness of the English stage. Still, I was very interested to see Jack Gelber's new comedy, *Square in the Eye*, for the evidence it provides that young American writers are still willing to dare. Although the work has serious shortcomings, and is ultimately unsatisfying, it has plenty of charm, a generous leavening of whimsical mockery, and a strong feeling of adventurousness. Gelber is almost entirely without literary style, but he is very hip and unpretentious, he is completely honest, and he is eager to test the possibilities of the stage. Indeed, his infatuation with experimentation is the source of difficulties here: Concentrating on technical effects, he often neglects to manage plot, develop character, or organize form. He is, on the other hand, a natural dramatist, and frequently a very funny one. In *Square in the Eye*, he uses motion pictures and color slides to counterpoint the stage action – hardly a novel technique, but used in a novel way, as a basis for satirical comment. When this technique is functioning well, which it is throughout the first act, the play has moments of genuine delight.

The main plot of *Square in the Eye* concerns the difficulty and confusion of modern marriage; secondary plots deal with the tyranny of Jewish parents and the callousness of such professional men as doctors, undertakers, caterers, and rabbis. Although Gelber understands how men and women talk to each other in and out of bed, his domestic plot is marred by its constrained emotion and confusing action, which moves backwards and forwards in time for no organic reason. The satirical secondary plots, however, account for some excellent episodes. In one series of scenes, a befuddled doctor, using charts and slides, explains to the family of the heroine how she died of cerebral edema, then discovers that he has confused her with another patient, then learns that she is dead, too, of peritonitis: None of this prevents him from demanding his fee ("I'm sorry, you know we don't work on results"). A scene in a funeral parlor follows, when the family tries to choose a casket with the aid of an unctuous, venal mortician – a comic gloss on *The American Way of Death*. And following this, the dead heroine is eulogized by a rabbi who never knew her, while her tiny daughter divulges the real facts in asides ("She was a lousy cook anyway"). Gelber's tone is that of good-natured apathy; he is not so much angered and outraged as bored and wearied by official lies; and he seems perhaps a little too phlegmatic at present to give his works the roundness and fullness of art.

The production is of great service to the play. Philip Bruns, as the protagonist, has a nice cool manner which catches exactly the offhand quality of the generation he represents; Carol Rossen has affecting moments as the wife; Gene Rupert is very loose and ingratiating as her snaky lover; and Conrad Bain is properly stuffy and bewildered as all the professional men. Ben Shaktman's direction is nicely tuned to the author's wry style; and Kim Swados' setting functions flexibly with the aid of Leonard Glasser's clever film clips and slides. All in all, a production that prevents my own homecoming from being completely morose, and which helps to raise some modified hopes. For it is no great feat to produce interesting work in England under the excellent conditions prevailing there; but to achieve anything at all in the feeble climate of our failing stage arouses one's gratitude that there are still those willing and able to try.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

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RECORDS

Romeo and Juliet

After years of delay RCA Victor has at last issued on LM-7034 (mono only) the recording of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* processed under Toscanini's supervision from his 1947 broadcast. And so at last music-lovers have available to them on records the definitive performance of this work, which includes some of Berlioz's most marvelous music – not only the best-known *Love Scene* and *Queen Mab*, which Toscanini performed repeatedly with the New York Philharmonic and NBC Symphony, but the extraordinary *Juliet's Funeral Procession* and *Romeo in the Vault of the Capulets*, which the public didn't hear until Toscanini performed the entire work, first with the Philharmonic in 1942, and again with the NBC Symphony in 1947. At that time he could say: "I am the only one who conduct this work"; later, when Munch and Monteux recorded it, he might have said he was the only one who conducted it properly – for one thing, with the accurate tempos that give it correct shape and expressive effect. Thus in the *Love Scene* the *"premiers transports, premiers æveux, premiers serments"* referred to in the Prologue are embodied in musical terms of the most exquisite delicacy, which not only characterize the emotions of the young lovers but convey the delicacy of feeling of Berlioz himself – terms which, in the latter part of the piece, include a recurring wistful phrase of the violins: played by Toscanini in the tempo Berlioz sets for it with the metronome, the phrase communicates the delicate feeling Berlioz intended; slowed down by other conductors, it is coarsened and sentimentalized. Similarly *Great Festivity at Capulet's* played by Toscanini in the tempo set by Berlioz has a buoyancy and verve it doesn't have in other conductors' slower-paced performances. And in addition to effective pacing there is the expressive intensity that Toscanini brings to things like *Juliet's Funeral Procession* and *Romeo in the Vault of the Capulets*, and that other conductors do not bring. I must mention that the *Queen Mab* on LM-7034 is not from the 1947 broadcast, but is instead the performance of November 10, 1951 that Toscanini chose for earlier release on LM-6026. The antique cymbals near the end are less obtrusively loud than they were on LM-6026; and the sound of the 1947 broadcast, which is some of the best out of Studio 8H, hasn't been tampered with, but can use added treble.

Listening to Tchaikovsky's seldom-played Symphony No. 3, a work he composed right after the undistinguished Piano Concerto No. 1, I was unprepared for an introduction which could have been one of the superb bits of imaginative orchestral invention achieved with matured powers 15 years later. It led to a good first movement with an uninteresting development, then an *alla tedesca* which could have been one of the pieces in the marvelously fashioned score of *The Sleeping Beauty*, a fine slow movement, a delightful scherzo, an uninteresting finale. The performance by Maazel with the Vienna Philharmonic, on London CM-9428 and CS-6428, is first-rate. And CM-9409 and CS-6409 have the same conductor and orchestra in an effectively straightforward performance of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique;* CM-9429 and CS-6429 a performance of his Fourth that is a little less straightforward and effective than the one Maazel recorded with the Berlin Philharmonic a couple of years ago. I prefer London's mono versions for the greater compactness and solidity of the sound, its clearer and cleaner definition in quiet.

As for Karajan's performances of the four Brahms symphonies with the Berlin Philharmonic on Deutsche Grammophon KL-33/6 and SKL-133/6, I can report that he conducts Nos. 2, 3 and 4 very effectively for the most part – the exception being the concluding passacaglia of No. 4, whose cumulative effect depends on the pace of its opening statement being maintained throughout, as it is by Toscanini, and as it is not by Karajan. The orchestra's playing is extraordinarily beautiful and admirably reproduced.

In Chopin's fine Piano Concerto No. 1, on Columbia ML-6112 and MS-6712, the Russian pianist Gilels plays with delicacy and sensitiveness in the treatment of instrument and music, as against the brutal treatment of them I have heard from him until now. I question his strikingly overdeliberate tempo for the passage-work after the first subject in the first movement, and his alteration of one of Chopin's bits of fioritura, but nothing else. The Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy provides an excellent orchestral context.

Donizetti's delightful *Don Pasquale*, on London A-4260 and OSA-1260, is conducted with suitable lightness and grace by Kertesz, and has an excellent Norina in Graziella Sciutti, a still effective Don Pasquale in Corena, a good Dr. Malatesta in Tom Krause, but is damaged by the unattractively hard, tight and inflexible voice of Oncina in the music of Ernesto that calls for a

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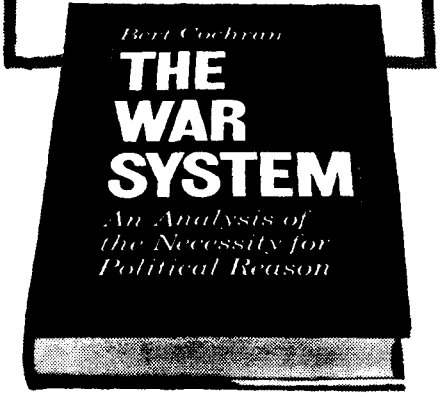

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supple light tenor like Valletti's or Schipa's. In spite of its less impressive recorded sound, therefore, I would prefer the earlier performance with Valletti and Bruscantini on imported Cetra 1242, or the one with Schipa on Odeon QALP-10121/3.

Tebaldi, on London 5912 and OS-25912, sings *"Tu che le vanità"* from *Don Carlo,* which has a grandeur that makes it unique in Verdi's melodic writing, then *"Ma dall' arido stelo divulsa"* from *Un Ballo in Maschera,* another outstanding piece in its different style, and then the more conventional *"Morro, ma prima in grazia"* from *Un Ballo* and *"Sempre all'alba"* from *Giovanna d'Arco.* Even without its earlier youthful bloom her voice is a superb one, which she deploys spaciously with impressive effect. The reverse sides have music of Ponchielli, Puccini, Mascagni and Cilea.

Victor LM-2784 (mono only) has some of the amazingly beautiful singing Bjoerling did to the very last – the performances of Lensky's aria from *Eugene Onegin* and Lohengrin's Narrative (both in Swedish), among other things, at his last concert in Gothenburg, and performances of songs by Schubert, Strauss and others at a Carnegie Hall recital two years earlier.

Rococo 5228 has the great soprano Frida Leider in acoustically recorded excerpts of Wagner's operas and his songs *Der Engel* and *Im Treibhaus* – the latter, like the finale of *Tristan,* speeded up to get it on one 12-inch side. And Rococo R42 enables us to hear the dry, bleating voice of the famous tenor Bonci whom the press in 1905 pronounced the equal of Caruso, and his distortion of the musical phrase – so extreme as to make Caruso seem a musician of taste, but characterized by the press as the singing of "a great artist."

It was a surprise to find the Fischer-Dieskau voice and art not working convincingly in Verdi; and I must report now that his singing, on Angel 36237 (mono), doesn't give Couperin's first *Leçon de Ténèbres* the powerful effect it has in Hugues Cuenod's performance on the Allegro record. And the cantatas of Scarlatti and Telemann, on the reverse side, are uninteresting music to my ears.

The Death of the Bishop of Brindisi is the latest specimen of the imitation

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music that Menotti manages to have treated as if it were real – *i.e.* performed by the Boston Symphony and issued by Victor on LM- and LSC-2785. The reverse sides have Song of the Wood-Dove from Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, from which I learn that he is no more interesting in the early music I can understand than in the later music I cannot. To those interested in unusual music I recommend Telefunken AWT- and SAWT-9438, with madrigals of Monteverdi for combinations of solo voices, choruses and instruments; Argo RG-424 (mono), with part songs by Britten; and Oiseau-Lyre OL-271 (mono), with Weber's Piano Sonatas Nos. 3 and 4.

B. H. HAGGIN

ART

My Day at the White House

In the Legend of the Grand Inquisitor, Dostoevsky has the old Inquisitor note with satisfaction that the people brought their bread to the inquisitors who blessed it and gave it back to them and created the illusion that all bread came from the inquisitors, without whom bread was stone.

Something like that went on at the White House Festival of the Arts on June 14. A couple of hundred people came from all over America to a very art-filled day and night at Johnson City East. There were three classes present: artists; patrons and professionals; critics and other journalists. The press outnumbered the other classes, with patrons, donors and collectors a close second. The program would have done credit to at least a year's planning. It shows what any community can do if it just has supreme political muscle.

The painting and sculpture section was assembled roughly as follows: 30 geographically well-spread museums were queried as to their top dozen or so works in the field of modern American art. The lists were collated in Washington and selections made by David Scott and Adelyn Breeskin of the National Collection of Fine Arts and Carter Brown of the National Gallery. The result was a show with practically no surprises, but with an extremely comprehensive look at what does go on, fashionable or not. Random sample: Andrew Wyeth's "Christina's World," the lesser known version of Jack Levine's "Medicine Show," Ben Shahn's "Spring," Georgia O'Keeffe's "Cow's Skull: Red, White and Blue," which, incidentally, was yanked out of its introductory position at the Metropolitan's own American show, Hofmann and Hopper, Benton and Pollock, Jasper Johns and Peter Hurd, Burchfield and Anuskiewicz; in sculpture, the great Lipchitz "Mother and Child" which is also a bull's head, the beautiful Bianca of Maldarelli, Calder, Bertoia, Baskin, Louise Nevelson in gold, Jason Seley in automobile bumpers, Roszak and Lipton, Robus and De Rivera, a jewel-like little Lippold and, in the place of honor in the sculpture garden, surprisingly, a Paul Manship "Dancer and Gazelles" of 1916.

All bases were touched, including those of artists hitherto denounced by American Presidents or Senators – Jack Levine and Ben Shahn.

Poetry, the novel, biography and reporting, were represented with readings aloud by Phyllis McGinley, Saul Bellow, Catherine Drinker Bowen and John Hersey. Military muscle as well as political muscle kept the show moving and the crowd shuffling from the East Room to the State Dining Room and back again. The Louisville Philharmonic Orchestra performed works by Ned Rorem and Robert Whitney. The astounding voice of Roberta Peters was used for Gershwin's "Summertime" and for Bernstein's "Glitter and Be Gay" – a more fully developed "Just a Gigolo" with cadenzas.

Then we were all herded back into the East Room for drama with excerpts from *The Glass Menagerie, The Subject Was Roses, Death of a Salesman,* and *Hard Travelin'* by Millard Lampell. Back to the dining room for movies: Hitchcock, Kazan, Zinnemann and Stevens, with William Wyler's *Best Years of Our Lives* dropped for unknown reasons. An hour and a half of looking at art, another reception with Lady Bird for another shipment of arrivals, remarks by the President, drinks and dinner and a late evening of ballet and Duke Ellington.

As is well known, the program got off to a clouded start with Robert Lowell accepting and then declining the invitation to read on the grounds that this might be construed as agreeing with the Administration's foreign policy. That was one position on the Festival. Its complementary was immediately taken by a hastily organized group which announced that its members, too, disagreed with US actions in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, and it was a good thing the President hadn't invited them because they wouldn't have accepted.

At the Festival itself, it remained for

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Edgar Snow *is the author of several books about modern China.* Norman S. Care *has just joined the philosophy faculty of Oberlin College.* Nathaniel McKitterick *is a consultant on international affairs.*

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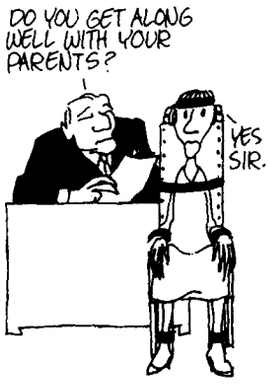
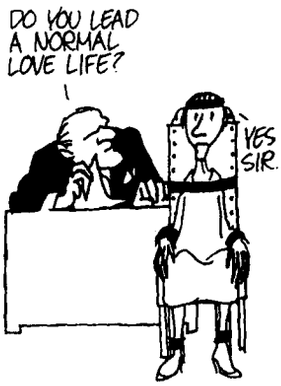
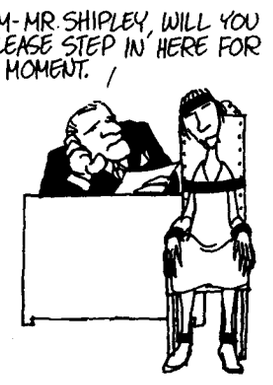
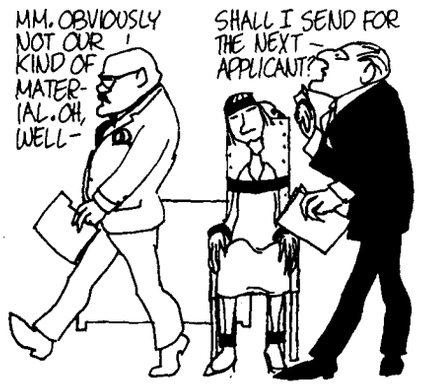
JULES FEIFFER

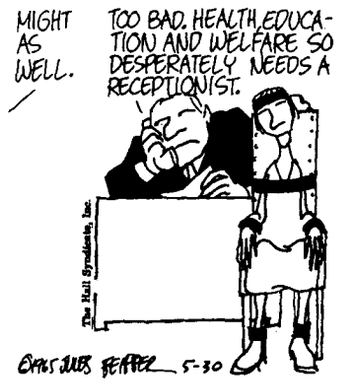
NO NEED TO BE NERVOUS, MISS. THE QUESTIONS I ASK YOU ARE SIMPLY TO DETERMINE WHETHER YOU GET A JOB WITH THE GOVERNMENT OR NOT. DO — THE STRAPS HURT?
NOT VERY MUCH.










MIGHT AS WELL.
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Dwight Macdonald to carve out the best position of all, which was to go to the bash, eat the food, drink the drink, and announce to one and all that he didn't agree with LBJ either. The white-bearded savant seemed to be circulating a petition of some sort, but by day's end, it was said, he'd only collected seven signatures besides his own and he wasn't much in evidence in the evening. The feeling of members of what an eminent movie critic dismissed airily as "the daily (sneer) press," was that they wouldn't care to invite Macdonald to their houses if that's the way he carries on.

Except for some rather obscure remarks about obscurantism by George F. Kennan (from which he left out references to the right of artists to be heard on national issues – though they were in the prepared text the press received) the only formal criticism of the day was offered by Charlton Heston in introducing the movies. In a crowd as devoted to criticism as this one, that was odd on the face of it, but the lack was made up for by the intense, all-day cultivation of line-by-line and gestalt examination of the Festival itself by its auditors. As you might expect, the thing turned out to have levels of meaning.

To the patrons, donors and collectors, the meaning acceptable was the surface one, the obvious and announced intention of honoring the arts. The First Lady was personally on hand all day, opening the ceremonies and closing them and talking to the performers. The food was fine; various service bands kept churning out "The Donkey Serenade" and other operetta numbers. Clearly, the meaning was that the arts had finally made the big scene and were worthy of honor in the persons of their trustees. Fair enough.

Beneath that level, there was agitation by the artists, critics and professionals. To many of them, the intent was to take them into camp and cajole them into supporting US policy abroad. The reasoning seemed to go: Johnson knows we oppose what he's doing over there; he also knows if there's one thing we go for it's the arts; ergo, he's trying to seduce us by showing himself as a big art lover – watch yourself, Jack, and don't be taken in. The suspicions of wary visitors were started by Lowell, given great impetus by Hersey's superb and somber reading from *Hiroshima* and solidified, it seemed, by the realization that the whole affair really had been dreamt up and staged in exactly three weeks. Why would anyone subject himself and his staff to that incredible schedule except for crafty reasons of state?

The real reason apparently was much simpler. At an early stage of discussion, someone said they'd have to move fast before all those museum trustees went off somewhere for the summer. And so they did. FRANK GETLEIN

Correspondence

Prix Français for Senator Douglas

Sirs:

Senator Paul H. Douglas has chosen a strange moment in which to introduce his outline for *vendetta* ("What Shall We Do About de Gaulle?", June 12). His premise – that de Gaulle's anti-Americanism "may infect the rising generation of French politicians, economists and financiers" – will not do. Gaullism, when practiced by anyone but its namesake, becomes a much altered and milder disease. Furthermore, the General is so consistently and acutely scrutinized – in his own country and elsewhere – by one or another responsible faction, that a rising French generation can well afford to evaluate his policies rationally. One cannot say as much for Senator Douglas.

What is equally peculiar is the Senator's apparent assumption that retaliatory economic measures meant to intimidate France alone would by some magic system of self-regulation manage to avoid affecting a much greater economic structure. While I defer instinctively to authority in such matters, the complexities of present-day economic interrelationships indicate that Senator Douglas is a singularly naïve expert. It is also interesting to note that, confronted as he is by a post-war Europe composed of nations whose psychological discomfort within NATO is quintessentially expressed by de Gaulle's sovereign intransigence, the Senator is prepared simply to redeco-

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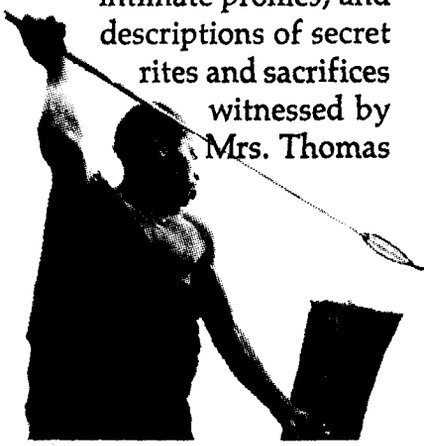

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"THE USUAL MISTAKE *most Americans make in dealing with people of other nations stems from the notion that 'human beings are more alike than unlike' and the rather idealistic determination to treat others as one would like to be treated oneself: 'What would my reaction be if I were in his shoes?' The American is not aware that to be in somebody else's shoes is to be another man altogether.*"

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rate a bit within the obsolescent scheme.

But Senator Douglas makes his most inspired leap into ludicrous, if blurred philistinism when he attempts to resolve the Franco-American dilemma as it affects tourism in the country whose greatest men "have enriched our lives." "... A considerable number of Americans," Senator Douglas comments, "anxious to defend our country's financial integrity, can voluntarily decide either to see America first, or, if they feel impelled to go to Europe may be induced to prefer the Uffizi in Florence to the Louvre, and St. Peter's to Notre Dame."

The Senator should be reminded that museums and churches are not super markets. It is not a matter of patronizing the store further along the avenue in order to boycott the rude clerk in the one ten yards nearer. The Senator's confusion is as total as that of the unenviable man who can no longer be sure that the city he visited for two hours three days ago was, in fact Barcelona.

Like-minded tourists will be relieved to have the blessing of this distinguished spokesman for cultural multiple choice. His wisdom will permit them to squander their "financial integrity" patriotically on the Ponte Vecchio or in the Via dei Condotti. As for the Louvre, well, the *Mona Lisa* was in America recently anyway. So long as they can see masterpieces elsewhere, one masterpiece is as good as another. . . .

Unlikely as it is that de Gaulle will be intimidated by Senator Douglas, he may well be disdainfully amused – while continuing to scorn our dollars. It is the disdain, of course, that so deeply confounds the earnest American consciousness. In this instance, the *hauteur* has unhinged the Senator.

S. E. Blazer
New York, N. Y.

Senator Douglas' economics and finance (June 12) are rather rusty. The French example in cashing in short-term dollar holdings for gold, we are told, "has been followed by certain Northern European countries." Those countries will certainly be surprised to find themselves classified as followers, especially since they began to take gold from us a year before France. French gold purchases from the US have become quantitatively important only since late 1964. As a result, the French remain in second place in this category: our staunch allies, the West Germans, have taken more gold from us than the French, and over a longer period. Furthermore, in percentage of total dollar holdings converted to gold, the French have been a poor sixth, behind West Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, Spain, and Switzerland. Any faithful reader of *The New York Times* or *The Wall Street Journal* knows this. One wonders how an old economist like Paul Douglas can emotionally overlook such hard facts. One also wonders whether, in desiring to dun the French for "unpaid World War I debts," the Senator has forgotten that those payments were stopped – for *all debtors* – after the unilateral moratorium on German reparations called by President Hoover in 1931. Does Senator Douglas propose that we demand payment from France, and that France then demand restitution of the old German reparations? For another example, has the Senator forgotten, in his incantations about US generosity to France between 1947 and 1951, that 70 percent of such Marshall Plan aid was directly tied to the purchase of US goods?

Because de Gaulle will not tag along with our "grand design" for the "free world," he has now become villain number one (after having been lavishly praised before 1963!). Such is the stuff which makes such sad studies in American arrogance.

Richard B. Du Boff
Department of Economics
Bryn Mawr College

Senator Douglas has distinguished himself in foreign affairs mainly by an unfortunate propensity to see unilateral American force as the solution to many complicated problems, in sharp contrast with his humaneness and rationality on domestic issues. The premise of his "What Shall We Do About de Gaulle?," consistent with the foreign policy views, is that the Johnson policies are sound and deserving of de Gaulle's and our sympathy. If this premise is rejected, as I think it certainly should be, his article becomes

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irrelevant. The crucial question is then seen to be: How can we help de Gaulle to brake the destructive course of US foreign policy?

It is also interesting to read Senator Douglas' statement that "France itself conspicuously failed [in Vietnam] . . . and was expelled by an armed revolt of the people 11 years ago." . . . Apparently Senator Douglas has convinced himself that what is an "armed revolt of the people" against France becomes indefensible aggression when involving the US.

Edward S. Herman
Philadelphia, Penna.

I would like to urge the formation of a new Senate Committee, chaired by Senator Paul Douglas, to be called the Senate Committee on Anti-American Activities. This Committee would expose and recommend punitive action against leaders of other nations who, like President de Gaulle of France, are "determined to weaken the United States and, if possible, to pull us down." Senator Douglas should not support the present Administration policy of voluntary restriction of the flow of American capital to Europe. Instead, American businessmen should be encouraged to finish buying up French industry. They could then pressure de Gaulle out of office. This would be a real black eye for Anti-Americanism.

Donald J. Koch
Flint, Michigan

How's That Again?

Sirs:

Your May 22 issue containing the article "The Big Secret" was an unfair attack on the hearing aid industry. . . . The government buys hearing aids for hard-of-hearing veterans, not for deaf ones. It pays the lesser price than the public because it buys in quantity, buys non-current models, and does not use any of the services of the hearing aid dealer. . . . What the public is paying for in the price of the hearing aid is a combination of product, technical skill, and technique. In addition, it is also paying for free after-care and the time of the dealer. None of this is available on the same basis from the government.

Howard H. Fogel, Editor
National Hearing Aid Journal

Polling the Poor

Sirs:

James Ridgeway's observations on the much-publicized Philadelphia experiment in polling the poor in your June 5 issue require some clarification and correction. The turnout to vote in the slum districts was much greater than the three percent reported. Those eligible to vote were not *all* of the half million poor in Philadelphia (an inflated newspaper figure) but only those of this number over 21 who are literate and live in the neighborhoods in which they voted. The obstacles to a large turnout were many: the lack of a precedent, the apathy and the confusion. One woman who voted said to me "I don't know why I voted. It may not do me any good but it certainly can't do me any harm."

Yet, when you eliminate the *uneligibles;* the babies, the children, the bedridden, the blind and the illiterate, the 13,400 who did vote more than double the 3 percent Ridgeway indicated. . . .

In my opinion, the election or appointment of the poor to Community Action Boards is the less formidable block to getting OEO programs off the ground. What is still to be faced by our cities involved in this "war on poverty" is not so much "who speaks for the poor" but how the non-poor work together with the poor in an atmosphere of mutual respect. Can those with little organizational experience and stigmatized by a lifetime of poverty avoid being either overwhelmed or manipulated or "sweet talked by the fat cats" as one Negro dissident put it to me? This bridge is still to be crossed.

Julian L. Greifer
Philadelphia, Penna.

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During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:

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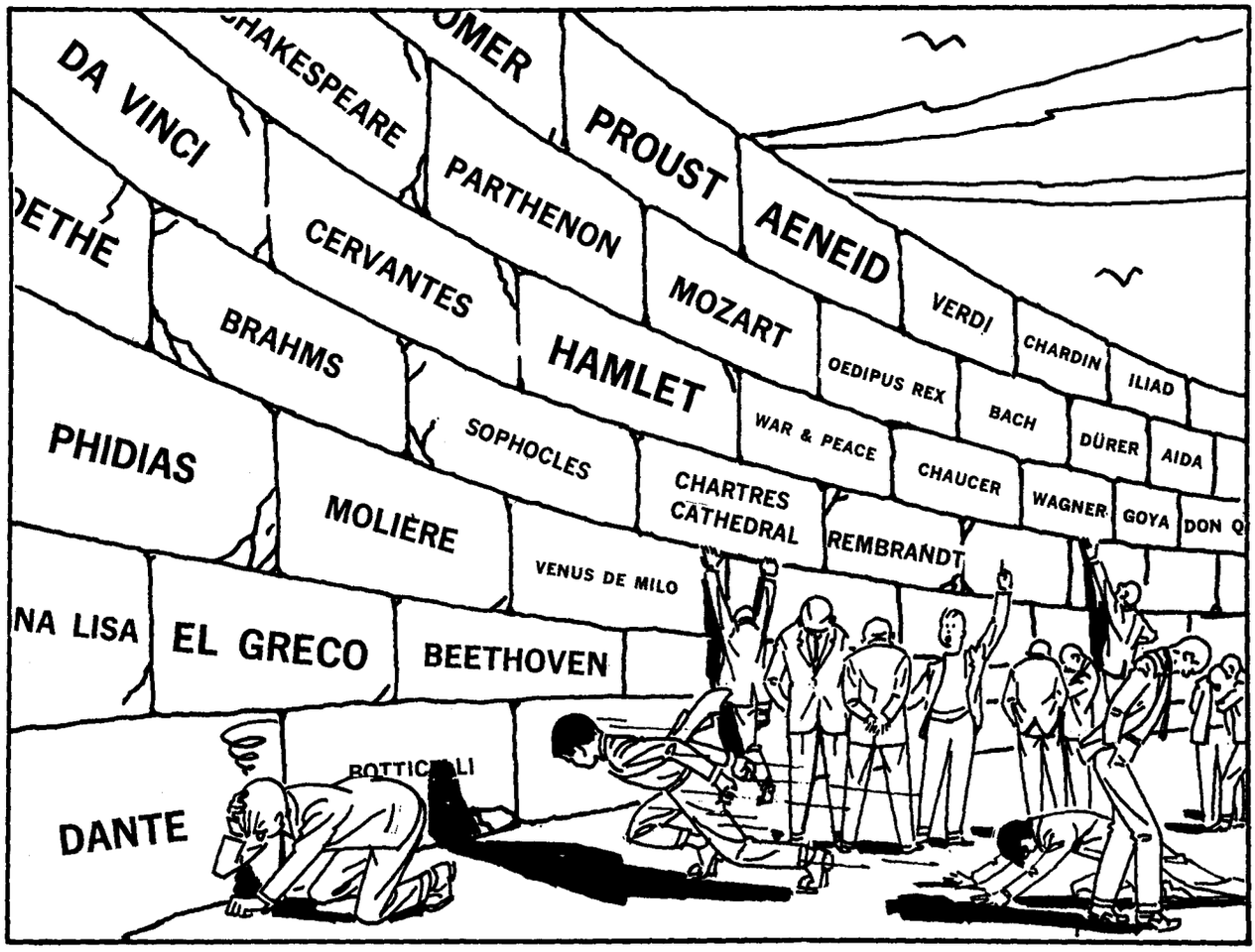

This is the Wall that Quack Built

"There's nothing beyond it," he declares coldly. "Educate yourself to a full appreciation of these 'immortal' artists and their works, and that's where you end. You'll be in an earthly paradise of perfections." Don't let Quack deceive you. Man moves ahead by satiating himself of art at higher and higher levels.

"Art Is Too Important To Kid Yourself About"

There's no surer (nor more painful) way to destroy man than to block him with a wall and make him believe he can never go beyond it. It's death by stagnation and despair. Crash through for your lives.

Art isn't immortal, as you've long been aware (at least subconsciously) no matter how insistently old-fashioned critics (see samples below) go on telling you it is.

Conjecturism

is the modern approach to art

It brings art up-to-date — much as Evolution brought Biology up-to-date — namely, by abandoning the rigid certitude, allowing for changing conditions and making the best conjectures it can, under the circumstances. It's tough-minded and forward-looking, instead of sentimental and tied-down. Costs nothing to investigate.

FIGHT OFF THIS NAIVE RANT

"and the spontaneous delight that everyone feels before the Parthenon sculptures will last as long as the human race rejoices in the name of man."

"Language greatly used has all the sanction of a sacrament: the race is as incapable of forgetting a great poem as it is of losing its last wish under the stars."

"No words that man can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer."

AUTHORITATIVE OPINIONS

"HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART lets a lot of fresh air into the subject of art criticism — does a good job of deflating some of the pompous nonsense." George B. Keester, Chairman Fine Arts Dept., West Virginia Wesleyan College.

"Shaw has taken off the lid and exposed the aesthetic and critical overalls in the stew of beauty. Painter, art gallery director, and aesthetician for many years, Shaw has shown many opinions and their underlying presuppositions to lie in a Limpopo greasiness. His chapter entitled 'The Metropolitan Museum Lays an Egg' is far too delicious to miss. This was a long overdue cleaning of the fat, self-congratulatory, aesthetic stables." Prof. Dale Riepe, C. W. Post College, in Philosophy & Phenom. Research.

"PRECIOUS RUBBISH which I received and promptly read, seems worth passing around. Please send me 30 copies." — John Wilcox, Prof. and Grad. Adviser, Wayne University.

"What wonderful fun. I've been carrying it around with me everywhere, and making people read its wonderful cento of quotes, and to pretty general applause . . . It's a lulu." — Conrad Aiken.

"Expresses to a T my every thought. I think it's great." — Nicola Ziroli, Artist in Res., Univ. of Ill.

What Picasso said — "When I was young, I got into trouble by mocking my elders and breaking down everything they had done. That's the way I managed to create new roads. That's what the youngsters of today ought to be doing — not imitating, but mocking me and tearing me down. It's the only way to find success." As quoted by Leonard Lyons.

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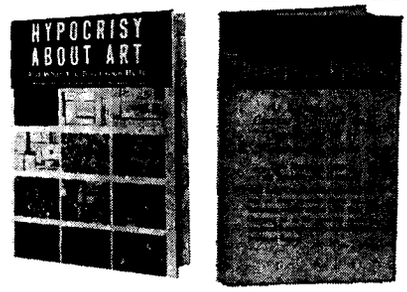

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